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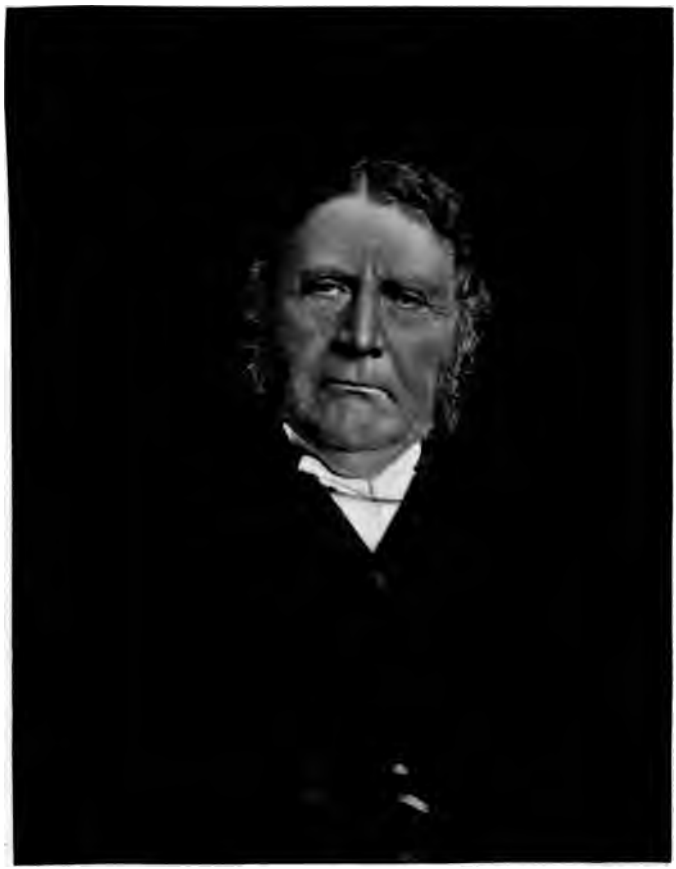

H. H. J. Munro.
from a photograph.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD 1906

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TRANSLATIONS

INTO

LATIN AND GREEK VERSE

BY

H. A. J. MUNRO

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND PROFESSOR OF LATIN
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

WITH A PREFATORY NOTE BY

J. D. DUFF

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND A PORTRAIT

LONDON
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Publisher to the India Office
1896

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PREFACE.

Munro printed these Translations in the autumn of 1884. Early in the following spring he left Cambridge for Italy and died at Rome on March 30th.

The Translations were not published; but he sent copies to many of his friends. Some of their acknowledgements amused him: thus William Cory, the author of 'Ionica' and of some Latin verse, which Munro declared 'the best and most Horatian Sapphics and Alcaics... that have been written since Horace ceased to write', remonstrated with him for 'printing that doggerel of Shelley's', the doggerel being the extracts from the Ode to a Skylark; while L. Friedlaender, who was at that time still professor at Koenigsberg, chose out for praise the rendering of 'Bannocks o' bear-meal!' Munro said to me that he would have expected his Alcaics to prove more attractive; but Friedlaender was then working at Martial and probably looked to see how Munro managed one of Martial's favourite metres.

Nearly all the copies were thus given away. It has never been possible to buy the book except at second-hand; and for years past the price asked has been high. It has therefore been decided, with the consent of Munro's representatives, to reprint his book, that those who are interested in Latin Verse and in Munro, may acquire a

copy at a reasonable price. In the reprint a few slight changes are introduced from Munro's own copy of the book; and two Translations have been added at the end. The second, a translation of the Dirge in *Cymbeline*, was found among Munro's MSS. and has already been printed for the use of Trinity College Lecture-Room; the first, from Scott, was also found in his papers and has not, it is believed, been printed before.

Some of the Translations were printed separately before 1884, mainly in *Sabrinae Corolla* and in Holden's *Folia Silvulae*; but these were much changed before their second appearance. The longest of them all, the version of Gray's Elegy, was printed at the Pitt Press about 1874. The paper and type were carefully chosen; the first stanza and the Epitaph were printed in red; the whole makes a desirable pamphlet of eighteen pages with a blue cover. This was not published; but a copy got into the hands of a critic who reviewed it in Macmillan's Magazine. He complained of the harshness and obscurity of Munro's verse. He did more: he was kind enough to show how it should be done, by translating some lines into Elegiacs of his own. Munro replied in the same magazine. Never eager for controversy, when once engaged in it he was a strenuous controversialist; and one of his shrewd blows may be quoted. His critic had quoted with approval Gilbert Wakefield's rendering of 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave': *In tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter.* This Latin, said Munro, is capable of but one meaning: 'the path of a public office leads to the gorge of a hillock'*.

* Macmillan's Magazine for January and February 1875.

Another critic also expressed his opinion of Munro's version of the Elegy. This was T. S. Evans, then Canon of Durham, himself a writer of admirable Latin Verse and a lifelong friend of Munro's, who seldom mentioned to me the name of 'Tom Evans' without adding, 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile'. Evans, on receiving the version, addressed a Latin epistle to Munro, from which the following lines are taken:

> uersiculos laetus legi et bis terque relegi
> laetior usque tuos. quantum, si uiueret, ipse
> confessurus erat Graius, tibi me quoque tantum
> confiteor debere. at per uestigia uatis
> Paeligni minus isse reor te, maxime Munro,
> quam signasse nouum sermonem, dum tibi Musam
> Nasonis numerosque repraesentare uideris.
> de sermone tuo morem gere pauca monenti.
> si qui forte satus Romana gente fuisset
> Aeschylus, atque elegos uoluisset adire Latinos,
> talem crediderim scripturum carmina uatem
> haud aliena tuis, qui stant quasi marmore uersus
> et similes solido structis adamante columnis.

The criticism is exquisitely expressed and is also true. Munro's verses were not Ovidian. When he wished, he could imitate Ovid closely enough; but his preference for the poets of the Republic always influenced his verse; and also he probably felt that Ovid's speed and lightness were out of place in rendering so grave and solemn a poem.

These Translations were not the serious business of Munro's life: he turned them over in his head on sleepless nights or in the course of his afternoon walk by Trumpington and Grantchester, which he generally took alone. When he had got them to his mind, he copied

them out, often many times over, on sheets of foolscap. He did not himself publish them, and he well knew that they were *lusus*. But though *lusus*, such things are not *ineptiae*, when they are based, as in Munro's case they were, upon a wide and deep knowledge of Latin and upon a real love of literature. Munro was not one of the old-fashioned scholars, who despise all your modern literatures: Homer and Virgil were hardly more to him than Dante and Goethe; Catullus he loved, but he loved Burns as well. Soon after he took his degree he spent some years on the continent, living in Paris, Florence, and Berlin; and he spoke French, German, and Italian, not indeed fluently—for in all languages he had a measured utterance—but with correctness and a pure accent.

It is remarkable that as an undergraduate Munro did not win any of the University prizes for Composition. He certainly competed once for the Porson Prize, but on that occasion he was disqualified for a reason which throws some light on the Don of those days. Two of his schoolfellows, E. H. Gifford of St John's and G. Druce of Peterhouse, had also written for the Porson. On the day for sending in they all met at Druce's rooms to copy each other's exercises; for candidates, then as now, were not allowed to send up their translations in their own handwriting. When they had done their writing, they had supper together; and after supper Gifford carried off all the exercises to deliver them to the Master of St John's, who was then Vice-Chancellor, at St John's Lodge. Next day Gifford received a message from the Vice-Chancellor to this effect: that the academical day ended at 10 p.m.; that the exercises had been handed in after that hour;

and that he had therefore marked on all three copies that they were disqualified. Whether Munro competed for other prizes, is not known.

Munro played the game according to the strictest rules. His verses are not a cento of tags from the Classics, dovetailed together with more or less ingenuity; he never admitted the conventional Latin which appears so often in modern Elegiacs. All that he found in the English had, of course, to re-appear in the Latin; still more, he did not like material re-casting of the form. The severity of his method leads at times to a certain baldness. But at other times, when he is inspired by his English and writing in a favourite metre—take as an instance the version in Glyconics of Deborah's Song—the result is something not easily forgotten and not easily distinguishable from an original work of art.

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Libellus Lectori suo salutem.

Praefationis loco, qui me lecturus es, hos habeto versiculos facetissimi poetae Valerii Martialis:

Si nimius videor seraque coronide longus
esse liber, legito pauca,
libellus ero.
terque quaterque mihi
finitur carmine parvo
pagina: fac tibi me quam
cupis esse brevem.

POEMATORUM LIBER LATINE

I.

P. Höret allerliebste klänge!
macht euch schnell von fabeln frei,
eurer götter alt gemenge,
laszt es hin, es ist vorbei.
niemand wird euch mehr verstehen,
fordern wir doch höhern zoll,
denn es musz von herzen gehen,
was auf herzen wirken soll.

C. Bist du, fürchterliches wesen,
diesem schmeichelton geneigt,
fühlen wir als frisch genesen
uns zur thränenlust erweicht.
lasz der sonne glanz verschwinden,
wenn es in der seele tagt;
wir im eignen herzen finden
was die ganze welt versagt.

II.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
that something like it they have shewn;
but none who had it, e'er seem'd to have none.
love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
can no arts or disguises find,
but thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.

AUT GRAECE TRALATORUM.

I.

P. Hos audite sonos amoeniores:
tempus vos erat expedire falsis,
vestrorum sinite obsoleta divom
cedat, nam fuit, universa turba.
nemo intelliget ista, flagitamus
vectigalia quaestuosiora:
ipsum pectore prodeat necessest,
quidquid pectora permovere sumet.

C. Formidabile, cum vel ipsa, monstrum,
hoc tam blandiloquo fruare cantu,
fletus nos domat aegrimoniarum
iucunda velut adlevatione.
per nos lumina solis hinc facessant,
luciscat modo pectore intus ipso:
nostris nos animis id invenimus
quaesitum quod ab omnibus negatur.

II.

Saepe adeo vafer est factus qui nescit amorem,
vel sine re speciem scit simulare rei:
se tamen experto non dissimulandus in ullo
verus amor mira simplicitate patet,
scit nullas artes, mendacia fingere nulla,
caecus et ipse alios posse videre negat.

III.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
but sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
how with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
whose action is no stronger than a flower?
o, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
against the wreckful siege of battering days,
when rocks impregnable are not so stout,
nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
o fearful meditation! where, alack,
shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
o, none, unless this miracle have might,
that in black ink my love may still shine bright.

IV.

And now
advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
awaiting what command their mighty chief
had to impose. he through the armed files
darts his experienced eye and soon traverse
the whole battalion views, their order due,
their visages and stature as of gods,
their number last he sums. and now his heart
distends with pride and hardening in his strength
glories; for never since created man
met such embodied force, as named with these
could merit more than that small infantry
warred on by cranes; tho' all the giant brood

III.

Aes quoniam, lapides, terram, sine finibus aequor,
omnia lugubris vi Libitina domat,
quid? Venus has contra causam contenderit iras,
quae vix, quidquid agit, robora floris habet?
expugnatorum contra tormenta dierum
melleus aestatis pertolerabit odor,
cum tamen indomitae rupes aetate fatiscant
claustraque portarum ferrea tempus edat?
horresco meditans: ubi temporis optima gemma
temporis a loculis, ei mihi, sospes erit?
dextra citum quae tanta gradum reprehendere possit?
aut spoliaturo pulchra quis esse morae?
nemo, nisi haec valeant miracula, noster in atris
candidus ut niteat perpetuusque notis.

IV.

Iamque in conspectu stant comminus, horrida ductu
praelongo immani frons et rutilantibus armis,
bellatorum instar veterum quae derigit hastam
et clypeum, expectans quid dux sibi magnus agendum
imperet. armatos obit impiger ille maniplos
lumine sollerti, totumque inde ordine iusto
derectum, transversa tuens, cito dispicit agmen,
oraque, uti divom, proceraque corpora lustrat,
et numerum postremus init. iam conscia fastu
corda tument et opes indurescentia iactant
ipsa suas; neque enim coiit vis ulla creatos
post homines usquam legionum robore tanto,
quae collata simul pluris meruisset haberi,
quam parvus pedes ille gruum infestatus ab armis;
omnis ut una esset suboles Phlegraea gigantum,

of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
that fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
in fable or romance of Uther's son
begirt with British and Armoric knights.

V.

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
take thy time while time doth serve thee,
creeping snails have weakest force,
fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
good is best when soonest wrought,
lingred labours come to nought.
Hoise up sail while gale doth last,
tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
seek not time when time is past,
sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
afterwits are dearly bought,
let thy forewit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks before,
take thy hold upon his forehead;
when he flies he turns no more,
and behind his scalp is naked.
works adjourned have many stays,
long demurs breed new delays.
Seek thy salve while sore is green,
festred wounds ask deeper lancing,
after-cures are seldom seen,
often sought scarce ever chancing.

heroumque genus quod bella gerebat ad altam
Ilion ac Thebas, permixtum utrimque deorum
auxiliis; quantamque virum resonare per ora
fama loquax vel scripta docent, Uterana propago
cincta Britannorumque et Aremorico equitatu.

V.

Tolle moras, dolor unde tibi succrescet amarus,
arripe labentem, dum sinit hora, diem,
reptanti cocleae vis est tenuissima, quarum,
ne pigeat, noli criminis esse reus.
sunt bona quae temptas? cito perfice, et optima fient:
occidit ad nilum quem remorere labor.
pande sinus, tua vela dato spirantibus auris,
nullius arbitrio pontus et auster eunt.
fugerit hora semel, fugiat; qui sobrius urget
semper opus, sapiens otia semper habet*.
stat magno bona mens Epimetheos empta; fac ergo
arte Promethea tu tua corda regas.
omnes ante gerit crinita fronte capillos
tempus: in adverso vertice fige manum:
nec respectanti iam, cum fugit, aufugit ore,
levis et occipiti nudaque calva patet.
multimodis pendent opera interrupta, diuque
versavisse novas est generasse moras.
vulnere iam crudo medicamina quaere: secandum
altius hoc, quotiens inveterascet, erit.
vix ratiost remedi, cum iam sanata gravescunt:
saepe quidem petitur, saepe petita fugit.

* *The original edition has:*
neu pete praeteritam, quando semel avolat, horam:
sobrius adproperas? otia nacte, sapis.

time and place give best advice,
out of season out of price.
Crush the serpent in the head,
break ill eggs ere they be hatched;
kill bad chickens in the tread,
fligg, they hardly can be catched.
in the rising stifle ill,
lest it grow against thy will.
Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
not by force but often falling;
custom kills with feeble dint,
more by use than strength prevailing.
single sands have little weight,
many make a drowning freight.
Tender twigs are bent with ease,
aged trees do break with bending;
young desires make little prease,
growth doth make them past amending.
happy man, that soon doth knock
Babel babes against the rock!

VI.

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is,
made rival of the air,
to give Perenna's lips a kiss
and fan her wanton hair,
Bring me but one; I'll promise thee,
instead of common showers,
thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
and all beset with flowers.

sunt consulta loco, sunt tempore capta, iuvabunt;
intempestivast merx, ego nullus emo.
frange caput colubro; mala dissice naviter ova
providus exclusae ne pariantur aves.
fac peremas ipso nequam incrementa sub ortu,
ales enim volitans vix erit apta capi.
suffocare mali nascentia semina praestat,
ne tibi nolenti mox grave fiat onus.
gutta minutatim, non vi sed saepe cadendo,
edurum silicem perterebrare solet;
vincere nec tam vi quam consuetudine longa,
invalidis mactans ictibus, usus amat.
singula quae minimo censentur pondere grana,
mole sua mergent accumulata ratem*.
surculus ut facili tener incurvatur opella,
sic in flectendo dissilit arbor anus.
incumbit modice nondum firmata cupido,
emendatricem spernit adulta manum.
o nimium felix, per quem Babylonius infans
iam tener adliso corpore saxa ferit!

VI.

Suavis favoni, sors quoniam dedit
libare nostrae Phyllidis oscula
auraeque rivali comarum
luxuriem tibi ventilare,
Nobis fer unum, nil precor amplius:
sudes odoris sic opobalsamis,
non imbre plebeio, vagasque
floribus impediare pinnas.

* *The original edition has:*
sunt mersurum onus haec multiplicata satis.

VII.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
wi' a cog o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
but man is a sodger and life is a faught;
my mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
and my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
a night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'.
when at the blythe end of our journey at last,
wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
my warst word is 'welcome, and welcome again.'

VIII.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
is it not monstrous that this player here,
but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
could force his soul so to his own conceit
that from her working all his visage wanned,
tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
a broken voice, and his whole function suiting
with forms to his conceit? and all for nothing,
for Hecuba:
what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
that he should weep for her? what should he do,

VII.

Contentus parvo, maiore beatus acervo,
adveniunt quotiens cura dolorque mihi,
incutio colaphum reptantibus: acre Falernum
et veteris Latii musa ministrat opem.
saepe frico cubitum, male habet cum cura; sed instar
militiae vitast, militat omnis homo;
aureus in zona bona mens mihi laetaque, et ipsi
libertas regi non violandus ager.
sors mea sit duros annum subiisse labores,
nox inter comites sarciet una bonos.
ecquis enim, cursus hilari iam fine potitus,
Iuppiter! exactae vult meminisse viae?
claudicet, ut graditur, titubet Fors, caecaque paelex
sive propinquabit sive recedet, eat.
estne bene, an secus est? est suaviter, anne moleste?
'salve, iterum salve,' sic, neque plura, loquor.

VIII.

Οἶμ' ὡς πανοῦργός εἰμι καὶ σκαφεὺς λάτρις·
ἦ ταῦτ' ἀνέχθ'; οὗτος μέν, ἐκμιμούμενος
τάραγμα πλαστὸν ἐμφερές τ' ὀνείρατι,
ψυχὴν καθ' αὑτοῦ φροντίδ' ὧδ' ἠνάγκασεν,
ὥστ' ὠχρίασε πάντα τῆσδ' ὁρμῇ χρόα,
κεκλαυμένος δ' ἦν ὄμμα, δέργμα δ' ἐκπλαγείς,
φωνὴ δ' ἀπορραγεῖσα, συμμετρουμένων
ἀεὶ τύποισι φροντίδος τῶν δρωμένων·
καὶ πάντα ταῦτ' ἐς οὐδέν· ἐς Ἑκάβην· τί δ' οὖν
αὐτῷ πρὸς Ἑκάβην, τί δ' Ἑκάβῃ πρὸς αὐτὸν αὖ,
ὥστ' ἐκδακρῦσαί νιν; τί δ' ἂν δρᾷη λαβὴν

had he the motive and the cue for passion
that I have? he would drown the stage with tears
and cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
make mad the guilty and appal the free,
confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
the very faculties of eyes and ears:
yet I,
a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
and can say nothing, no, not for a king
upon whose property and most dear life
a damned defeat was made.
this is most brave,
that I, the son of a dear father murdered,
prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
and fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
a scullion!

IX.

Awake, awake, Deborah,
awake, awake, utter a song;
arise, Barak,
and lead thy captivity captive,
thou son of Abinoam.
Blessed above women
shall Jael the wife
of Heber the Kenite be,
blessed shall she be

ἔχων ἀφορμήν θ', ἣν ἐγώ, ταράγματος;
σκήνην γε δακρύοισι κατακλύσειεν ἂν
καὶ πᾶσιν οὓς σχίσειε φρικώδει βοῇ·
λύσσαν τ' ἀνάγνοις, δεῖμ' ἀναιτίοις ἐνείς,
κλονῶν δ' ἀπείρους, ὄψεώς τε κἀκοῆς
αὐτοῖς ἐπ' ὀργάνοισι κἂν θάμβος βάλοι·
ἐγὼ δέ,
τὸ λῆμα νωθὲς βορβορούμενόν τ' ἔχων,
ὀνειρόπληκτος ὥς, μαραίνομαι τάλας,
δίκης ἀκύμων τῆς ἐμῆς κοὐδὲν λέγων
οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ἄνακτος, ᾧ θεοστυγέστατα
ὄλβος τε κεδνός τ' ἐξαπεφθάρη βίος.
ἦ τοῦτο δῆτ' ἀνδρεῖον· ἠναρισμένου
ἐγὼ πατρὸς παῖς φιλτάτου, τεθηγμένος
παρ' οὐρανοῦ θ' ᾄδου τε πρὸς τιμωρίαν,
λόγοισιν ἂν λύσαιμι καρδίαν ἄσης,
ἀρὰς ἀρῶμαί θ', ὡς χαμαιτύπη μάχλος,
δμωὶς κακή τις.

IX.

Suscitare, Dobura, te,
suscitare soporibus,
carmen edere tempus est;
surgat Abinoemides
ac domet domitorem.
Iam beatior omnibus,
contubernia quot tenent
omnia undique, feminis
Caeneos perhibebitur

above women in the tent.
He asked water,
and she gave him milk,
she brought forth butter
in a lordly dish.
She put her hand to the nail,
and her right hand to the workman's hammer,
and with the hammer she smote Sisera,
she smote off his head,
when she had pierced
and stricken through his temples.
At her feet he bowed,
he fell, he lay down:
at her feet he bowed, he fell:
where he bowed,
there he fell down dead.
The mother of Sisera
looked out at a window
and cried through the lattice
'why is his chariot so long in coming,
why tarry the wheels of his chariot?'
Her wise ladies answered her,
yea, she returned answer to herself
'Have they not sped?
have they not divided the spoil?
to every man a damsel or two?
to Sisera a prey of divers colours,
a prey of divers colours of needle-work,
of divers colours of needle-work on both sides,
meet for the necks
of them that take the spoil?'
So let all thine enemies

Gellia uxor Heberi.
Illa, dux ubi simplicem
depoposcit aquam, dedit
lac et insuper obtulit
lactis, egregia gerens
in parapside, florem.
Clavum ibi arripuit manus
dextra malleolum fabri;
perforataque Sisarae
fissa tempora contudit,
discidit caput ictu.
Sidit, occidit ad pedes,
se posivit is: illius
sidit, occidit ad pedes,
quaque sidit, ibi ilico
procidit moribundus.
Sisareia ab aedibus
mater exseruit caput,
per fenestram ita clamitans
'cur morantur equi diu?
cur rotae retinentur?'
Tum catae comites, sibique
ipsa talia reddidit
'nonne res bene cesserit,
praeda contigerit, duae
cuique tresve puellae?
Praeda praeterea duci,
mille praeda coloribus,
picta vestis et hinc et hinc
utilis spoliantium
colla condecorare?'
Sic, Deus, pereat, tibi

perish, o Lord:
but let them that love him
be as the sun,
when he goeth forth in his might.

X.

The spacious firmament on high
with all the blue ethereal sky,
and spangled heavens, a shining frame,
their great Original proclaim.
the unwearied sun from day to day
does his Creator's power display
and publishes to every land
the work of an almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
the moon takes up the wondrous tale
and nightly to the listening earth
repeats the story of her birth;
whilst all the stars that round her burn
and all the planets in their turn
confirm the tidings as they roll,
and spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
move round the dark terrestrial ball?
what though nor real voice nor sound
amid their radiant orbs be found?
in reason's ear they all rejoice
and utter forth a glorious voice,
for ever singing as they shine
'the hand that made us is divine.'

quisquis invidiosus est;
quique te bene diligunt,
floreant, quasi vi sua
sol ut incipit ire.

X.

Aerius quicumque supra patet impetus ingens
omniaque aetheriae caerula templa plagae
et stellata domus radiataque machina caeli
artificis magni se profitentur opus.
quotque dies remeant, sol indefessus eundo
auctoris vires monstrat ubique sui,
ut graditur cunctis terrarum nuntius oris
declaratque manus omnipotentis eri.
luna, simul densis vesper superaverit umbris *,
eximiam laudis suscipit ipsa vicem,
auritisque dehinc terris, sua quae sit origo,
enarrat, quotiens tempora noctis eunt.
cunctaque eam circa flammantia sidera passim
fixaque idem firmant, quaeque vagantur idem,
utque suos pergunt volventia currere gyros,
indicium verax audit uterque polus.
quid tamen haec muta si maiestate feruntur,
nigrantem terrae circumeuntque globum?
si tacita impediunt radiantes orbibus orbes,
nec verae voces aut sonus ullus adest?
omnia laetantur ratione interprete et edunt
illius egregios auribus usque sonos,
utque micant, sine fine canunt 'nos maxima fecit
dextera, divinae nos sumus artis opus.'

* *The original edition has:*
simul densae superant iam vesperis umbrae,

XI.

'Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
sulla marina dove il Po discende
per aver pace co' seguaci sui.
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
prese costui della bella persona
che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende.
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
che, come vedi, ancor non mi abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:
Caina attende chi vita ci spense.'
queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
Da che io intesi quelle anime offense,
chinai 'l viso, e tanto il tenni basso,
finchè il poeta mi disse 'che pense?'
Quando risposi, cominciai 'o lasso,
quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
menò costoro al doloroso passo!'
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parla' io,
e cominciai 'Francesca, i tuoi martiri
al lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
a che e come concedette amore,
che conoscesti i dubbiosi desiri?'
Ed ella a me 'nessun maggior dolore,
che ricordarsi del tempo felice
nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
farò come colui che piange e dice.

XI.

'Urbs quae me genuit positast in litoris ora,
qua Padus, errorum requiem iam certus habendi,
descendit comitum coetu stipatus aquarum.
dulcis amor, raptim ingenuo qui pectore gliscit,
corporis hunc forma cepit praestante, mihi olim
erepti: plagam vel nunc ego abominor illam.
durus amor, nulli qui se condonat amato,
me rursum usque adeo cepit dulcedine amantis,
ut mihi nunc etiam videas decedere nolle.
saevus amor nos inde necem perduxit ad unam;
auctorem Caina necis manet.' hactenus isti.
postquam indignantes audivi effarier umbras,
lumina deieci defixusque ora tenebam,
cum tandem vates 'animo quid volvis?' at illi
sic orsus refero 'quanta et quam grata cupido,
heu heu, quantus amor cladem importavit acerbam!'
tum conversus ad hos, 'miseret, Francisca, tui me'
incipio 'lacrimasque movet tuus anxius angor.
verum age dic nobis, inter suspiria quondam
blanda quod indicium, quae tandem ab amore dabantur
signa, quibus dubia ante foret manifesta cupido?'
sic ego, at illa mihi 'tempus meminisse beatum
est miseris dolor infandus, scit ut iste magister.
sed si tantus amor primam cognoscere nostri
radicem casus, faciam de more dolentis
dicentisque simul. legere olim forte iuvabat

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
di Lancelotto, come amor lo strinse:
soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
quella lettura e scolorocci il viso.
ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse:
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
esser baciato da cotanto amante,
questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.'
Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
l' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
io venni meno sì com' io morisse,
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

XII.

Black eyes you have left, you say,
blue eyes fail to draw you:
yet you seem more rapt today,
than of old we saw you.
'Oh I track the fairest fair
through new haunts of pleasure;
footprints here and echoes there
guide me to my treasure.
Lo, she turns—immortal youth
wrought to mortal stature,
fresh as starlight's aged truth—
many-named nature.'

nos, Lancilotum vis ut torqueret amoris.
solus erat mecum, securusque iste pericli,
secura ipsa fui; tum saepe legentibus una
convenere oculi, tum non color oribus idem.
nec nisi momentum interea nos vicerat unum:
dum legimus, dulce ut ridentis tantus amator
oscula libaret, libavit et oscula nostra
iste vir, iste, a me qui numquam tempore in ullo
divellendus erit, libansque perhorruit omnis.
Pandarus et liber ipse et libri Pandarus auctor.
illa luce quidem nos nil ibi legimus ultra.'
altera dum fatur, fletus dedit altera tales
umbra, ut deficerem luctu quasi mortuus essem,
et caderem, cadit ut rigidum iam morte cadaver.

XII.

Deseruisse nigros tandem profiteris ocellos,
caeruleos etiam posse movere negas;
verum hodie, quamvis perculsum vidimus olim,
acrior attonitum vis, nisi fallor, habet.
'O, formosarum quae formosissima longe,
per loca laetitiis sector opima novis;
hic mihi pressa pedum vestigia, vocis imago
illic delicias dat reperire meas.
immortalis adest—en reicit ora—iuventas,
mortali specie dissimulata deam,
usque recens, velut astra fide radiantia prisca:
en tibi naturam, nomina mille gerit.'

XIII.

Aeneadum genetrix, hominum divomque voluptas,
alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa
quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentis
concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
concipitur visitque exortum lumina solis.
te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli
adventumque tuum, tibi suavis daedala tellus
summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti
placatumque nitet diffuso lumine caelum.
nam simul ac species patefactast verna diei
et reserata viget genitabilis aura favoni,
aeriae primum volucres te, diva, tuumque
significant initum perculsae corda tua vi.
inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta
et rapidos tranant amnis; ita capta lepore
te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.
denique per maria ac montis fluviosque rapacis
frondiferasque domos avium camposque virentis
omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
efficis ut cupide generatim saecla propagent.
quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas
nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
exoritur neque fit laetum neque amabile quicquam,
te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse
quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadae nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.
quo magis aeternum da dictis, diva, leporem.
effice ut interea fera moenera militiai
per maria ac terras omnis sopita quiescant;

XIII.

Αἰνεαδέων γενέτειρα, θεῶν χάρις ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
πουλυβότειρ' Ἀφροδίτη, ὑπ' ἄστρασιν οὐρανοφοίτοις
ἣ ῥ' ἅλα νηυσιπέρητον ἰδὲ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
ἀνστρέφεαι, διὰ σεῖ' ὅτε ἔθνεα πάντα κυεῖται
ζωόντων ἀνιόντα θ' ὁρᾶ φάος ἠελίοιο·
φεύγουσίν σ' ἄνεμοι, φεύγει νέφε' οὐρανόθι πρὸ
ἐρχομένην σε, θεά· σοὶ ἡδέα δαίδαλον οὖδας
ἄνθε' ὑπεκπροέηκε, γέλασσε δὲ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
μειλιχθεὶς δ' αἴγλῃ λάμψ' οὐρανὸς ἀμφιχυθείσῃ.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰαρινὸν ἀναπέπταται ἤματι εἶδος
ἐκ δὲ λυθὲν ζεφύροιο μένος φυσίζοον ὁρμᾷ,
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφαίνουσιν ὑπουράνιοί σ' ὄρνιθες
σάς τ' ἐσόδους κατὰ θυμόν, ἀτέμβει γάρ σφε τεὴ ἶς.
θῆρες δ' αὖ θρώσκουσι νομοὺς ἀνὰ τηλεθόωντας
καὶ ποταμοὺς νήχουσι δι' ὠκέας· ὣς γλυκὺς αἱρεῖ
ἵμερος ἔνθ' ἴμεν ᾗ κε ἑκάστῳ ἡγεμονεύῃς.
καὶ δ' ἀνὰ πόντον ὄρεά τε καὶ ὕδατα δινήεντα
οἰωνῶν τ' εὔφυλλα μέλαθρ' ἀγρούς τ' ἐριθηλέας
πᾶσιν ἔρον γλυκύθυμον ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἰεῖσα
ἐνδυκέως κατὰ φῦλα τεκέσθαι τέκνα βιάζεις.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μούνη πάντων φύσει ἐμβασιλεύεις
οὐδέ τι νόσφι σέθεν δίους εἰς ἤματος οὖρους
οὔτε πέφυκ' οὔτ' αὖ θαλερὸν γένετ' οὐδ' ἐρατεινόν,
χρηίζω σὲ παρέμμεν' ἐμαῖς ἐπιτάῤῥοθον οἵμαις,
ταῖσιν ἀειδέμεναι πάντων φύσιν ἡμετέροιο
Μεμμιάδεω μέμον' εἶνεχ', ὃν ἐκπρεπέ' ἤματα πάντα
πᾶσι, θεά, καλοῖσι κεκασμένον ἤθελες εἶναι.
τῷ μᾶλλόν γε ἔπεσσι πόροις χάριν ἄφθιτον αἰεί.
ἀλλὰ τέως κοίμησον ἀπηνέα δηιοτῆτος
ἔργ' εὖδειν πᾶσαν κατὰ γῆν πᾶσαν δὲ θάλασσαν·

nam tu sola potes tranquilla pace iuvare
mortalis, quoniam belli fera moenera Mavors
armipotens regit, in gremium qui saepe tuum se
reicit aeterno devictus vulnere amoris,
atque ita suspiciens, tereti cervice reposta,
pascit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, visus,
eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.
hunc tu, diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
circumfusa super, suavis ex ore loquellas
funde petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.
nam neque nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniquo
possumus aequo animo nec Memmi clara propago
talibus in rebus communi desse saluti.

XIV.

A. Busk ye, then busk, my bonnie bonnie bride,
busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
and think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonnie bonnie bride?
how can I busk a winsome marrow?
how lue him on the banks of Tweed,
that slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never rain,
no dew thy tender blossoms cover;
for there was basely slain my luve,
my luve, as he had not been a luver.
The boy put on his robes of green,
his purple vest, 'twas my ain sewin':
ah wretched me! I little kenned

οἵη γάρ τ' ἀγανὴν δύνασαι δόμεν ἀνθρώποισιν
εἰρήνην, ἐπεὶ πολέμου νέμει ἄγρια ἔργα
Ἄρης ἐγχεσίμωρος, ὃς ἐν σῷ πολλάκι κόλπῳ
πίπτει ἀνηκέστοισι δαμεὶς ἕλκεσσι πόθοιο·
καὶ τότε δερκόμενός σ' ἀπό τ' εὐφυέ' αὐχένα δοχμῶν
ὅσσε μεμαότ' ἔρῳ βόσκει, θεά, εἰς σὲ κεχηνὼς
ὕπτιος, ἐκ δὲ τεοῦ κρέμαται στόματός οἱ ἀυτμή.
τὸν σύ, θεά, κλινθέντα τεῷ προτὶ σώματι δίῳ
ἀμφὶ περιπροχυθεῖσα χέ' ἐκ γλώσσης ὄπα καλήν,
πότνια, Ῥωμαίοις αἰτεῦσ' ἐρατὴν εἰρήνην,
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάτρης μετὰ πήμασι τοῦτό γ' ἀπήμων
ἔρδειν οὐδ' ἂν τλαίη ὁ Μεμμίου ἀγλαὸς ὄζος,
τῇδε παρὰ χρειοῖ, ξυνῆς χάσσασθαι ἀνάγκης.

XIV.

A. Sumere munditias, mea formosissima nupta,
altera pars nostri, sumere tempus erat;
tempus erat Tevidae me flumina propter amare,
cumque suis valeat Girva, iubere, iugis.

B. Possum ego munditias pulcherrima sumere nupta?
possum ego dimidium me perhibere tui?
hunc ut amem Tevidae iam flumina propter, amato
per iuga qui Girvae funeris auctor erat?
imber agris, o Girva, tuis nascentia numquam
germina, non roris gutta liquore tegat;
nam meus est illic indigna morte peremptus,
ille meus, tamquam non tamen esset amans.
induitur prasino puer illita pallia fuco,
subter, opus, tunicast murice clara, meum.
me miseram! fieri quod vix ego posse putaram,

he was in these to meet his ruin.
Much I rejoiced that waeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
but lang ere night the spear was flown,
that slew my luve and left me mourning.
Yes, yes, prepare the bed of luve,
with bridal sheets my body cover,
unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
let in the expected husband luver.
But who the expected husband is?
his hands methinks are bathed in slaughter.
ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?
Pale as he is, here lay him down,
o lay his cold head on my pillow;
take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
and crown my careful head with willow.

A. Return, return, o mournful bride,
return and dry thy useless sorrow;
thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
he lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

XV.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
for Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor:
so sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
and yet anon repairs his drooping head
and tricks his beams and with new-spangled ore
flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

vestitu tamen hoc interiturus erat.
ut male sum laetata, die properante sinistra!
ut cecini, numeris adsonuitque nemus!
sed nox multum aberat puerumque volatilis hasta
straverat, et luctu mersa relinquor ego.
quid loquor? actutum genialem sternite lectum,
membra mihi stratum coniugiale tegat;
festinate fores thalami reserare, puellae,
expectatus adest, ingrediatur amans.
quis tamen est hic sponsus, hic expectatus amator?
fallor, an effusa dextera caede madet?
ei mihi! pone sequens quae, pallida morte, figura
sindone cum nivea sanguinolenta venit?
pallida sit quamvis, tamen hic deponite, vos o
ponite pulvino frigida colla meo.
at vestes auferte, mihi has auferte iugales,
sollicitumque salix ambiat apta caput.
A. Maesta, redi iam, nupta, redi, siccentur inanes
haec lacrimae quae nil utilitatis habent:
ille tuus tua nil suspiria curat amator,
ille iugis Girvae corpus inane iacet.

XV.

Sistite lugubrem, pastores, sistite fletum:
non periit vester Lycidas dolor, ut sit aquarum
marmora demersus subter: sic mergitur alto
oceani gremio radiatum insigne diei,
et tamen actutum languens caput erigit, ignes
instaurans, aurique novo splendente metallo
in matutini flagrat primo aetheris ore.

so Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
where other groves and other streams along
with nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
and hears the unexpressive nuptial song
in the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
there entertain him all the Saints above
in solemn troops and sweet societies,
that sing and singing in their glory move,
and wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:
henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
in thy large recompense, and shalt be good
to all that wander in the perilous flood.

XVI.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
and being frank she lends to those are free.
then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
the bounteous largess given thee to give?
profitless usurer, why dost thou use
so great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
for having traffic with thyself alone,
thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
what acceptable audit canst thou leave?
thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee
which, used, lives th' executor to be.

sic, alte Lycidas mersus modo, tollitur alte
Illius virtute, pedes qui fluctibus ibat;
iamque novos propter lucos, nova flumina, crines
ipse lavit puro lutulentos nectare, et audit
in faustis hymenaeon, inenarrabile carmen,
mitibus in regnis, ubi gaudia amorque perennant.
illic omnis eum quae supra est turba piorum
excipit: inter se sollemnibus illa maniplis
iucundisque sodaliciis canit inque canendo
fertur ovans, lacrimasque viro deterget in aevum.
nunc, Lycida, non flent pastores: litoris hinc iam
perpetuum tutamen habes fruerisque laborum
ingenti mercede, et eris bonus ipse vaganti,
gurgitis illius quicumque pericula temptat.

XVI.

Prodige, cur decus hoc formae te perdis in uno,
et legata tibi quae fuit, ipse comes?
mancipio nulli natura, dat omnibus usu,
et largis larga commodat alma manu.
pulcher, ut es, quid, avare, bono male abuteris amplo,
quod tibi largitast ut data dona dares?
indigus usuras inter cur utere tanta
summarum summa, vivitur unde nihil?
solus enim tecum exercens commercia, qui sis
dulcis ita, hunc dulcem surripis ipse tibi.
ergo ubi te natura citans mandarit abire,
conficies tabulas qua ratione tuas?
forma, nisi usus eris, tecum* tumulabitur una:
viva procurabit, si tamen usus eris.

* *The original edition has* tua te.

XVII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
and all my soul and all my every part;
and for this sin there is no remedy,
it is so grounded inward in my heart.
methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
no shape so true, no truth of such account;
and for myself mine own worth do define,
as I all other in all worths surmount.
but when my glass shows me myself indeed,
beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
mine own self-love quite contrary I read:
self so self-loving were iniquity.
'tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
painting my age with beauty of thy days.

XVIII.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
as easy might I from myself depart
as from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
this is my home of love: if I have ranged,
like him that travels I return again,
just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
so that myself bring water for my stain.
never believe, though in my nature reigned
all frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
that it could so preposterously be stained,
to leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
for nothing this wide universe I call,
save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

XVII.

Totosque pravus hic amor mei visus
totumque pectus, omne possidet membrum,
pravi nec ullumst huius adlevamentum,
sic corde in ipsost funditusque fundatus.
os tam venustum quam meum, puto, nulli,
tam vera forma, veritasque tam rara;
definioque sic mihi meas dotes,
omnes ego omni dote ceteros vinco.
imaginoso ut me tamen vitro vidi
tusum atque tritum squalida vetustate,
mei hunc amorem tum lego retroversus:
amare sic se summa iniquitas esset.
sum tu ipse, qui me praedicaverim pro te
tuoque flore pinxerim meam aetatem.

XVIII.

O, numquam argueris me falsum, absentia quamvis
visa meam fuerit deminuisse facem.
non anima levius, quam me divellar ab ipso,
et tamen haec habitat pectore clausa tuo.
illa domus dilecta meast: si iuverit ultra
isse, viatoris more redire iuvat.
nil ego mutatus cum tempore, tempore veni,
quique latex maculas eluat, ipse fero.
crede, mea quamvis regnaret in indole, quidquid
nequitiae temptat sanguinis omne genus,
numquam, quae nihil est, (foret haec praepostera labes)
permutaretur re tua summa boni.
namque nihil summam summae puto totius ad te,
flos meus: unus in hac unus es omne mihi.

XIX.

O truant muse, what shall be thy amends
for thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
both truth and beauty on my love depends,
so dost thou too, and therein dignified.
make answer, muse: wilt thou not haply say
'truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed;
beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
but best is best, if never intermixed?'
because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee
to make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
and to be praised of ages yet to be.
then do thy office, muse, I teach thee how
to make him seem long hence as he shews now.

XX.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;
for what care I who calls me well or ill,
so you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
you are my all the world, and I must strive
to know my shames and praises from your tongue;
none else to me, nor I to none alive,
that my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
in so profound abysm I throw all care
of others' voices, that my adder's sense
to critic and to flatterer stopped are.
mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
you are so strongly in my purpose bred
that all the world besides methinks are dead.

XIX.

Qua, musa, poena te, remissa, multabo,
quod veritatem neglegis venustate
litam? meo omnes ex amore pendetis,
et veritas et forma, tuque amore isto
claranda. quid causare? forsitan dicas
'tincta hoc colore veritas eget nullo,
nec penicillo, quo linat venustatem
veram, venustas: absoluta permisces?'
maior quia hic sit laude, muta mussabis?
non sic tacens causere, quam penes solamst,
si vincat aurea hic sepulcra vivendo
victorque nondum nata pervolet saecla.
quare hoc agas, o musa: posteris seris
hunc qualis hodiest, me docente, monstrabis.

XX.

Eximit hoc maculam famae vulgaris inustam
fronte mea, quod amas et miserere mei.
nam quid ego hoc curo, quis me laudetve notetve,
tu modo fucaris turpia, digna probes?
summarum mea summa, tuo, quid honestet, ab ore
discere conabor, quaeque inhonesta voces.
nil mihi cum quoquam vivo, quod flectere possit
(fixus itast) sensum iure secusve meum.
vox aliorum omnis barathro demissa profundo,
seu sit adulantis sive notantis, eat;
omnem obturato capiam, ceu vipera, sensu;
curque nihil curem, percipe, causa subest:
quisquis ubique, homines* simulacra ut luce carentum
sunt mihi, tam penitus pectora tota tenes.

* *The original edition has:*
quidquid ubique hominumst,

XXI.

M. Wherefore was that cry?
S. The queen, my lord, is dead.
M. She should have died hereafter,
there would have been a time for such a word.
tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
creeps in this petty pace from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time,
and all our yesterdays have lighted fools
the way to dusty death. out, out, brief candle!
life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
that struts and frets his hour upon the stage
and then is heard no more: it is a tale
told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing.
thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

XXII.

The curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
the plowman homeward plods his weary way
and leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
or drowsy tinkleings lull the distant folds,
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
the mopeing owl does to the moon complain

XXI.

Μ. τί χρῆμ' ἐκείνη θῆλυς ἵσταται βοή;
Σ. ὦ δέσποθ', ἡ τύραννος οὐκέτ' ἔστι δή.
Μ. ἔμελλε θνήσκειν ὕστερον, λόγῳ τ' ἂν ἦν
τοιῷδε καιρός. ἦ μετ' ἦμαρ ἡμέρα
ἕλκει τὸ φλαῦρον βῆμα τοῦθ', ἥ τ' αὔριον
ἰοῦσα, χἠπιοῦσα, χἠπιοῦσ' ἔτι,
χρόνου γραφέντος συλλαβὴν ἐς ὑστάτην·
ἀεὶ δ' ἑκάστη τῶν πάροιθεν ἄφρονας
ὤδωσε δᾳδουχοῦσα πρὸς κωφὴν κόνιν.
σβέσον, σβέσον μοί σου σέλας, λαμπτὴρ βραχύς·
βίος γὰρ οὐδὲν ἢ σκιὰ φοιτῶσά τις,
μῖμος τάλας, ταχθεῖσαν ὃς σκηνῆς ἔπι
ὥραν σοβεῖ ζεῖ κᾆτα παύεται κλονῶν·
μώρῳ τις ἀνδρὶ ῥῆσίς ἐστ' εἰρημένη,
πλέα ψόφου τ' ὀργῆς τ', ἄσημος οὖσ' ὅλη.
ἥκεις ἀφήσων γλῶσσαν· οὐ θᾶσσον τὰ σά;

XXII.

Clangor ab aede diem maeret sollemnis ademptam,
mugit ut erepit pascua segne pecus,
tecta petens grave lassus iter contendit arator
cunctaque dat tenebris, dat potiunda mihi.
nunc loca camporum visu sublustria cedunt,
aeriumque tenent otia dia polum,
ni bombo, scarabaee, rotas ubi forte volatum,
aut pecudes mulcent aera sopora procul,
velatove hederis illinc de culmine bubo
nubilus ad lunam rusticitatis agit,

of such as wandering near her secret bower
molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yewtree's shade,
where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
each in his narrow cell for ever laid
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
the cock's shrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
or busy huswife ply her evening care,
no children run to lisp their sire's return,
or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
how jocund did they drive their team afield!
how bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
their homely joys and destiny obscure,
nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
the short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
awaits alike the inevitable hour:
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
if memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault

quisquis adire vetus, quod habet sine compare, regnum
temptat et arcanum sollicitare larem.
qua veteres ulmi, qua taxea procubat umbra,
crebraque sub putri caespite turget humus,
cella quisque brevi cubat, aeternoque sopore
rustica, pagani, corda, fruuntur avi.
ut Matuta vocet, sua tura halantibus, auris,
ut crepet e tuguri stramine mater Ityn,
acre canat gallus, vel cornibus adstrepat echo,
non tamen hos humili vox ciet ulla toro.
iam iam non erit his rutilans focus igne, neque uxor
quae vespertinum sedula verset opus,
non reditum balbe current patris hiscere nati
osculave escenso ferre cupita genu.
rustica falx messem succumbere saepe subegit,
saepe renitentem lira revellit humum:
ut laetante foras agitabant corde iugales!
ut valida labem silva bipenne dabat!*
non bonus iste labor nec rustica gaudia nec sit
obscura haec tibi sors, ambitiose, iocus,
nec risu, trabeate, tuo plebeia superbo
Acta, breve et simplex, excipiantur, opus.
picta patrum series clarive insignia regni
quidquid habent, facies quidquid opesve ferunt,
cuncta manet pariter non exorabilis hora,
metaque mors, quoquo gloria flectit iter.
nec vos, o proceres, hos arguitote, sepulcris
quod memor addiderit nulla tropaea dolor,
longus ubi alarum ductus crustataque fornix

* *The original edition has:*

praedaque robustae silva bipennis erat!

the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:
chill penury repressed their noble rage,
and froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hambden that with dauntless breast
the little tyrant of his fields withstood,
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
The applause of listening senates to command,
the threats of pain and ruin to despise,
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
and read their history in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
or heap the shrine of luxury and pride

multiplices reboant vocibus icta sonos.
caelata historiis animam revocare fugacem
urna domum? facies marmore viva potest?
voce valet cinerem succendere gloria mutum?
auris amat blandos torpida morte sonos?
hoc fortasse loco, qua sic tamen omnia sordent,
aetherio fetum cor prius igne iacet,
sceptrum habiles tenuisse manus, vitave deoque
expergefactam participasse lyram.
sed spoliis aevi sapientia largiter auctum
noluit ante oculos evoluisse librum:
algida sublimes aestus compressit egestas
adstrinxitque suo vivida corda gelu.
saepe renidentes praeclara luce lapillos
antra maris, caeca nocte profunda, gerunt;
nascitur occulto flos saepe rubetque recessu,
aeraque in vacuum perditus exit odor.
forsitan hic, olim intrepido qui pectore ruris
restiterat parvo Graccus agrestis ero,
vel mutus sine honore Maro, vel Iulius alter,
immunis patrii sanguinis ille, cubet.
oribus intentos ad plausum cogere patres,
quas dolor offerret, spernere, forsve minas,
omnia ridentes diffundere laeta per urbes,
et legere in populi vultibus Acta sua,
sors vetuit; solas neque circumscripsit in auctu
virtutes: sceleri frena modumque dedit,
ad solium vetuit per caedes vadere, et arcem
claudere quam miseris panderet alma salus,
conscia luctantis vetuit conamina veri
abdere et ingenuas perfricuisse genas,
luxuriae tumidique adolere altaria fastus

with incense kindled at the muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never learned to stray:
along the cool sequestered vale of life
they kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
Yet even these bones from insult to protect
some frail memorial still erected nigh,
with uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years spelt by the unlettered muse
the place of fame and elegy supply,
and many a holy text around she strews,
that teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
this pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
nor cast—one longing lingering look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
some pious drops the closing eye requires;
even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead
dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
if chance, by lonely contemplation led,
some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say
'oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
brushing with hasty steps the dews away
to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
that wreaths its old fantastic roots on high,
his listless length at noontide would he stretch

Pieriae flammis ture flagrante facis.
insana procul urbe, fori certamine foedo,
sobrius et voti compos in orbe suo,
qua seclusa tulit tranquillae semita vitae,
non observatum quisque tenebat iter.
et monimenta tamen quae passim exilia surgunt,
defensura vel his ossibus omne nefas,
versibus incomptis rudibusque ornata figuris,
des suspiratum praetereasque rogant.
musa potest male docta tamen dare nomen et annos,
quodque elegi praestant famaque, praestat idem,
sparsaque multa pio sententia pondere circum,
quam bene cor meditans discit agreste mori.
quis subiturus enim Lethaea silentia, dulce
tormentum hanc animam deposuisse tulit,
linquere iucundi loca luminis alma nec—uno
respectu cupido—significare moram?
vult anima excessura sinus fulcimen amici,
vult acies guttam nubila nocte piam;
eicit ex ipso vocem natura sepulcro,
vivit et assuetis ignibus ipse cinis.

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qui tamen istorum sic luce et honore carentum
his incompta memor versibus Acta refers,
solivaga si forte aliquis ducente camena,
indole non dispar, et tua fata roget,
'vidimus hunc quotiens' incano crine colonus
sic respondebit, 'se reserante die,
verrere festino pede rores perque supinos
exoriens saltus anticipare iubar.
ecce sub hac fago nutante, retortaque radix
cui vetus est miris exseriturque modis,
membra die medio prosternere lentus amabat,

and pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
muttering his wayward fancies would he rove;
now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
another came; nor yet beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
The next with dirges due in sad array
slow thro' the churchway path we saw him borne.
approach and read, for thou can'st read, the lay
graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'.
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
a youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
and melancholy marked him for her own.
Large was his bounty and his soul sincere:
heaven did a recompense as largely send:
he gave to misery all he had a tear;
he gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(there they alike in trembling hope repose)
the bosom of his Father and his God.

XXIII.

In a great river great fish are found,
but take heed lest you be drowned.

ore inhians rivum qui prope garrit aquae.
it modo cum risu, radens nemus istud, amaro,
vanaque mussanti somnia voce iacit;
nunc cadit os, palletque miser similisque relicto,
curave quem furiat, vel malus angit amor.
mane erat, assueto non illum in vertice vidi,
nec dumeta tenent, nec sua fagus habet.
altera lux venit, nec nunc tamen aut prope rivumst
aut superat saltus aut nemus ille legit.
tertia adest, maesto cum planctibus agmine ad aedem
elatum lentam vidimus ire viam:
accede et veterem scalptos ibi subter acanthum
in lapide hoc versus perlege, namque potes'.
Hic caput in gremio terrae iuvenale reponit,
quem fortuna habuit, quem procul omnis honor:
candida non humiles fastidiit Aonis ortus,
curaque 'mancipii res' ait 'iste mei'.
immensa huic bonitas, mens simplicitatis apertae:
par meritis merces numine missa deist:
quod potuit, miseris lacrimam largitus, amicum,
quod voluit, caeli munere nanctus erat.
desine virtutes recludere, desine culpas
protrahere augusto de lare velle suo:
utraque ibi pariter spe cum pavitante quiescunt,
qui pater et deus est, huius operta sinu.

XXIII.

Invenies magnos in magno flumine pisces,
sed invenire mersus et necem potes.

XXIV.

Two voices are there, one is of the sea,
one of the mountains, each a mighty voice:
in both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
they were thy chosen music, Liberty:
there came a tyrant, and with holy glee
thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven:
thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft,
then cleave, o cleave to that which still is left;
for, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
that mountain floods should thunder as before,
and ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
and neither awful voice be heard by thee!

XXV.

Fill the cup and fill the can,
have a rouse before the morn:
every minute dies a man,
every minute one is born.
Drink and let the parties rave:
they are filled with idle spleen,
rising, falling, like a wave,
for they know not what they mean.
He that roars for liberty
faster binds the tyrant's power,
and the tyrant's cruel glee
forces on the freer hour.
Fill the can and fill the cup:
all the windy ways of men

XXIV.

Sunt geminae voces, quarum haec maris, illa iugorum,
utraque vox ingens: longum gavisa per aevum,
Libertas, ambabus eras, id amicius omni
carmen. at hostis adest: contra bellare tyrannum
(et pugnae tibi sanctus amor); sed bella moventur
nequiquam; fugis Alpinis exterrita claustris,
auditusque tibi torrens non murmurat usquam.
auribus una tuis alta est extorta voluptas,
quare o, quae superest, huic ambitiosius haere.
nam quantum pigeat, praestanti corde virago,
flumina si montana tonent, si litore, ut olim,
oceanus saxoso immugiat usque, nec aures
vox augusta tuas aut haec aut illa lacessat!

XXV.

Siste crateram cyathisque sumptis
liber indulge genio ante lucem:
quodque momentum videt hunc perire,
nascier illum.
Tu bibe et caeco sine factiones
splene delirent; sibi nescientes
quid velint crescuntque caduntque rursum
ceu maris unda.
Artius contendit enim tyranni
vincla libertatis ineptus auctor,
huius adventum properat maligno
ille triumpho.
Siste crateram cyathisque sumptis
spiritum ride popularis aurae,

are but dust that rises up
and is lightly laid again.
Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gaily doth she tread,
in her right a civic wreath,
in her left a human head.
No, I love not what is new:
she is of an ancient house,
and I think we know the hue
of that cap upon her brows.
Let her go: her thirst she slakes
where the bloody conduit runs;
then her sweetest meal she makes
on the firstborn of her sons.

XXVI.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
a name to all succeeding ages curst:
for close designs and crooked counsels fit,
sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit,
restless, unfixed in principles and place,
in power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
a fiery soul, which working out its way
fretted the pigmy body to decay
and o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
a daring pilot in extremity,
pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
he sought the storms; but for a calm unfit
would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
great wits are sure to madness near allied
and thin partitions do their bounds divide;

vana quae surgit leviorque rursum
pulvere* sidit.
Alma Libertas, tibi gratulamur:
civica dextram redimita quercu
et caput portans hominis sinistra
vadere gestis.
Displicent nobis nova, pervetustum
tu genus iactas, tuus usitato
cognitus, ni fallor, apex rubore
tempora velat.
I, sitim sedas ubi aquae viarum
sanguinem manant; tua deinde proles
pabulum praebet tibi delicatum
maxima natu.

XXVI.

His falsus caput ille fuit, cui nomen ab omni
excipiet turpem posteritate notam:
insidiis natus tortisque ambagibus, audax
callidus—ingenium seditione potens:
inrequietus, amans animum mutare locumque,
sordet enim datus huic, angit ademptus honor.
Pygmaeum male corpus, iter dum rumpit, habebat
ignea mens, limo vix laris apta sui.
rector in extremis audens avidusque procellae
captabat tumidi grata pericla sali;
sed nimium, freta ferre negans tranquilla, premebat
vicinas syrtes, ingeniosus homo!
ingenio certe non multum insania distat
et tenuis fines separat ora duos;

* *The original edition has* cortice

else, why should he with wealth and honour blest
refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
punish a body which he could not please,
bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
and all to leave what with his toil he won
to that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
and born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
in friendship false, implacable in hate,
resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
to compass this the triple bond he broke,
the pillars of the public safety shook,
and fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
so easy still it proves in factious times
with public zeal to cancel private crimes.

XXVII.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
for neither were ye playing on the steep,
where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
ay me! I fondly dream
had ye been there; for what could that have done?
what could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
the Muse herself, for her enchanting son?
whom universal nature did lament,
when by the rout that made the hideous roar

aut horas somni quas flagitet, ille senectae
cur opibus dives, dives honore, neget?
quodque frui nequeat, corpus cur puniat ultro?
vita ruat, curas augeat ipse suas?
et tamen ut tanto capiat quaesita labore
filius! implumis scilicet ille bipes,
res genita in turbis animi, rudis edita moles,
taeter ut informi civicus ore furor!
falsus amicitiis, odio implacabilis idem,
vertere decrerat rem vel habere sibi.
rupit ob haec triplex foedus columenque salutis
laesit, ut externo gens foret apta iugo.
iamque timens, famam adfectans tamen, 'omnia' dixit
'mentito patriae fretus amore luam.'
sic facilest studio populari, turbida cum sunt
tempora, privatum dissimulare nefas.

XXVII.

Qua, nymphae, fueratis, inexorabile marmor
ut vestri Lycidae subter caput hausit amatum?
nam neque ludus erat vobis in vertice clivi,
qua Druidae, vates antiqua laude, quiescunt,
vester honos; nec Mona iugo qua surgit ad auras
hirta suo, vel Deva magum tamen explicat amnem.
ei mihi, vos vano somni frustramine fingo
praesentes: quid enim praesentia vestra iuvaret?
Musa quid ipsa, inquam, genetrix Orpheia, iuvit,
natum Musa suum, tenuit quamquam omnia cantu,
et rerum lamentatast natura peremptum,
quando illum thiasus taetrum mittens ululatum

his gory visage down the stream was sent,
down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
alas! what boots it with incessant care
to tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade
and strictly meditate the thankless muse?
were it not better done, as others use,
to sport with Amaryllis in the shade
or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
that last infirmity of noble mind,
to scorn delights and live laborious days.
but the fair guerdon when we hope to find
and think to burst out into sudden blaze,
comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
and slits the thin-spun life: 'but not the praise'
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

XXVIII.

Lasz dich, geliebte, nicht reun, dasz du mir so schnell dich ergeben;
glaub' es, ich denke nicht frech, denke nicht niedrig von dir.
vielfach wirken die pfeile des Amor: einige ritzen,
und vom schleichenden gift kranket auf jahre das herz.
aber mächtig befiedert, mit frisch geschliffener schärfe,
dringen die andern ins mark, zünden behende das blut.
in der heroischen zeit, da götter und göttinnen liebten,
folgte begierde dem blick, folgte genusz der begier.
glaubst du, es habe sich lange die göttin der liebe besonnen,
als im Idäischen hain einst ihr Anchises gefiel?
hätte Luna gesäumt den schönen schläfer zu küssen,
o, so hätt' ihn geschwind, neidend, Aurora geweckt.

ora dedit fluvio, fluvio ora cruenta secundo,
Lesbiacumque rapax ad litus detulit Hebrus.
eheu, perpetuis quid pastoralia curis
incompta exercere iuvat despectaque pensa?
quid fida ingratam meditemur harundine musam?
nonne fuit satius vulgi de more sub umbra
seu temptare iocis Amaryllida, sive Neaerae
nugari cum crine comisque illudere plexis?
gloria calcar habet (versatque ille ultimus error
excellentem animum), stimulet quod vivida corda
spernere delicias et duros degere soles.
cum tamen optato speramus posse potiri
munere et ad claram subito iam emergere lucem,
caeca venit furia atque invisa forfice vitae
tenuia fila secat: 'sed laudem non tamen illa,'
sic Phoebus contra, ac tremulas simul attigit aures.

XXVIII.

Quid fles, cara, manus quod tam cito victa dedisti?
vilis ob hoc non es, non mihi (crede) procax.
diverse iaculatur Amor: modo radit harundo,
corque subit repens virus obestque diu:
nunc pulchre pinnata recensque a cote medullam
figit et accenso sanguine cuncta rapit.
quando heroes erant et amabant dique deaeque,
impetus unus erat cernere, velle, frui.
ut semel Idaeis Anchisen arsit in umbris,
rere deam lentas opposuisse moras?
Luna soporatos si tangere nollet amores,
invida lux somnis, a, daret orta fugam.

Hero erblickte Leandern am lauten fest, und behende
stürzte der liebende sich heisz in die nächtliche fluth.
Rhea Sylvia wandelt, die fürstliche jungfrau, der Tiber
wasser zu schöpfen hinab, und sie ergreifet der gott.
so erzeugte die söhne sich Mars, die zwillinge tränket
eine wölfin, und Rom nennt sich die fürstin der welt.

XXIX.

To be, or not to be? that is the question:
whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles
and by opposing end them? to die, to sleep,
no more; and by a sleep to say we end
the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
devoutly to be wished. to die, to sleep,
to sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
for in that sleep of death what dreams may come
when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
must give us pause: there's the respect
that makes calamity of so long life;
for who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
the pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
the insolence of office and the spurns
that patient merit of the unworthy takes,
when he himself might his quietus make

in strepitu festo Leandrum adspexerat Hero:
se nocturna calens in freta iecit amans.
haustura ad Tiberim devenit, regia virgo,
raptaque succubuit Silvia Rea deo;
stirps sata Mavorti, geminis lupa praebuit uber,
Romaque victricem se vocat orbis eram.

XXIX.

Ἔτ' ὦμεν ἢ μή; τοῦτ' ἐπισκεψώμεθα·
εἰ κρεῖσσόν ἐστι σφενδόνας βέλεμνά τε
θυμῷ διαντλεῖν οὐκ ἀνασχέτου τύχης,
ἢ πρὸς θάλασσαν ὅπλ' ἐπαίρεσθαι κακῶν
παῦσαί τ' ἐφορμαίνοντα. τὸ θνήσκειν καλῶ
εὖδειν· τί δ' ἄλλ'; αὐχεῖν δὲ καρδίας ὕπνῳ
ἄλγημα παῦσαι μυρίον τε συγγενὲς
ὃ σὰρξ τάραγμα λαγχάνει, πέρας τόδε
μέγ' ὤλβισ'. εὖδειν δ' ὡς τὸ κατθανεῖν, ἴσως
εὕδουσι κὤψαν' ἐστ'· ἐκεῖ τό γ' ἐμποδών.
ὕπνῳ γὰρ αἳ ξὺν τῷδε θανασίμῳ μολεῖν
δύναιντ' ἂν ὄψεις ἐκκυλισθεῖσιν κλόνου
βροτησίου τοῦδ', ἐς τριβὰς ἄγουσ'· ὃ καὶ
τίθησιν ὧδε μακρόβιον τὸ δυστυχές.
τλαίη γὰρ ἄν τις κέντρα καὶ γέλων χρόνου,
λώβην τε λυμεῶνος, αὐθαδοῦς τ' ὀφρύν,
ἀλγηδόνας τ' ἔρωτος ἠτιμασμένου,
τριβάς τ' ἀκαίρους τῆς δίκης, ἀρχῶν θ' ὕβριν,
χρηστός θ' ἃ τλήμων πρὸς κακοῦ λακτίζεται,
ἐξὸν λογιστὰς ξιφιδίῳ φθάνειν ἁπλῷ;

with a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
to grunt and sweat under a weary life,
but that the dread of something after death,
the undiscovered country from whose bourn
no traveller returns, puzzles the will
and makes us rather bear those ills we have
than fly to others that we know not of?
thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
and thus the native hue of resolution
is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
and enterprises of great pith and moment
with this regard their currents turn awry
and lose the name of action.—soft you now!
the fair Ophelia! nymph, in thy orisons
be all my sins remembered.

XXX.

To be, or not to be? that is the question:
whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles
and by opposing end them? to die, to sleep,
no more; and by a sleep to say we end
the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
devoutly to be wished. to die, to sleep,
to sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
for in that sleep of death what dreams may come
when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
must give us pause: there's the respect

ἄραιτ' ἂν ἄχθη πολυπόνου ζωῆς ὕπο
γρύζων ἱδρῶν τις; ἀλλὰ γὰρ φόβῳ τινὸς
ὄπισθε θανάτου, γῆς ἀνευρέτου τ', ἀφ' ἧς
ὅρων ὁδίτης οὔτις αὖ κατέρχεται,
γνώμην ἀμηχανοῦμεν, ὥστ' ἀντλεῖν τὰ νῦν
μᾶλλον κάκ' ἢ νέ' ἐσπίτνειν ἄγνωστά τε.
πάντες φιλοψυχοῦμεν ὧδ' ἐκ φροντίδος,
φύσις δὲ χρωτὸς ἐγγενὴς εὐτολμίᾳ
ὅλη μερίμνης συντέτηκ' ὠχρᾷ βαφῇ,
καὶ πράγματ' εὐθαλῆ τε κἀμβριθέστατα,
τῶνδ' οὕνεκ' ἐκτρέποντα λεχρίας ῥοάς,
ὄλλυσι τοῦ δρᾶν κὤνομ'. ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἥσυχος·
ἥδ' Ὠφελία καλή 'στι· θεοκλυτοῦσά μου,
Νύμφη, λάθοι' ἂν οὐχ ὅσ' ἡμαρτήκαμεν.

XXX.

Esse iuvet necne esse, hoc in discrimen agendumst:
utrum tandem animo sit honestius inmoderatae
malle pati glandes et spicula fortunai,
an contra aerumnas ipsum maris instar habentes
arma capessere et obstando pacare per aevum.
mors sopor est, nil praeterea; sed scire, soporem
posse animi angores et vulnera naturai
innumerabilia, humanis contingere sueta,
pacare—est votis optandus terminu' talis.
mors sopor; at fors visa ferat sopor, haeret ibi res.
quippe etenim somno in mortis quae somnia possunt
accidere, excusso mortalis turbine vitae?
hinc pausam damus, hoc perpenso denique cunctis

that makes calamity of so long life;
for who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
the pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
the insolence of office and the spurns
that patient merit of the unworthy takes,
when he himself might his quietus make
with a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
to grunt and sweat under a weary life,
but that the dread of something after death,
the undiscovered country from whose bourn
no traveller returns, puzzles the will
and makes us rather bear those ills we have
than fly to others that we know not of?
thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
and thus the native hue of resolution
is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
and enterprises of great pith and moment
with this regard their currents turn awry
and lose the name of action.

XXXI.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
or a coral lip admires,
or from star-like eyes doth seek
fuel to maintain his fires,
as old Time makes these decay,
so his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
gentle thoughts and calm desires,
hearts with equal love combined,

pergimus aerumnis affectum porro agere aevum.
quis ludibria enim atque aetatis verbera ferret,
quisve superborum fastidia vimve potentum
iustitiaeve moras, quis spreti vulnus amoris
lictorisve supercilium aut indigna malorum
facta quibus vexant summissos inque merentes,
ense mero tabulas cum conficere ipse potesset?
quis grave onus fessae vitai pertoleraret
cum grunnitibus ac multis sudoribus aegris,
ni metus ille, aliquid nobis ne in morte ferat fors,
inque reperta loci ratio, a cuius fine viator
nemo usquam remigrat, perculsum distraheret cor?
ergo damna pati praesentia malumus ista
quam nobis nova perfugium atque incognita habere.
haec animus versans timidos nos efficit omnes,
nativusque colos ac strenua vis animai
tabescunt aegrae palloribus oblita curae;
coeptaque persaepe egregia et molimine magno
declinant sese pravos rationibus istis
in cursus, ea quae fuerant iam indigna cluere.

XXXI.

Cui facies cordi roseos imitata colores,
labrave curalii tincta rubore placent,
quive relucentes ceu sidera quaerit ocellos,
hausurus flammis inde alimenta suis,
tempus ut haec longo facit ipsa senescere cursu,
dilapsus simul his ardor amantis abit.
sed placidum pectus, sed castigata cupido,
sed mens si praestost aequa potensque sui,
cordaque iuncta pari communis foedere amoris,

kindle never dying fires.
where these are not, I despise
lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.
No tears, Celia, now shall win
my resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within
and find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
can disdain as much as thou.
some power in my revenge convey
that love to her I cast away.

XXXII.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
more thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
she bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'o, pity' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?
I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
even by the stern and direful god of war,
whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
who conquers where he comes in every jar;
yet hath he been my captive and my slave
and begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.
thus he that overruled I overswayed,
leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
o, be not proud nor brag not of thy might,
for mastering her that foiled the god of fight!'

his facis accensae flamma perennis erit.
haec absunt? nil pulchra placent mihi lumina, curo
labra nihil, nullo sunt in honore genae.
Caelia, nequiquam lacrimae volvuntur inanes,
obdurat mea mens, nec revocare potes;
cordis enim penetrale tui scrutabar, et intus
nil nisi ludibrium, nil nisi fastus erat.
ipse tuas artes didici, fastidia qui nunc
tanta tibi possim reddere, quanta tuli.
efficias, aliquod numen, meus ultor, ut illam,
qualis hic abicitur nunc mihi, prendat amor.

XXXII.

Quam sitit aestivo laticem sub sole viator,
exoptatum illud tam dea munus avet.
cernit opem praesto nec opem tamen invenit ullam,
se lavit in gelida, sed furit ignis, aqua.
'o miserere' loqui sic infit, 'ego oscula quaero
sola; puer saxo saepte cor, ista negas?
quod supplex ego te, cupidus me saepe poposcit
Mars immitis atrox qui fera bella regit.
hostica cervices flectit vis nulla torosas,
quaecumque ingreditur proelia, victor abit;
ferre iugum tamen ille meum, mea vincla, coactus,
quam tibi praestabo sponte, rogavit opem.
sic supero qui cuncta domat deus, ipsaque ducit
captivum rubris nexa catena rosis;
cuius et eduris parent durissima nervis
aera, meis morem fastibus ille gerit.
parce superbire et validas ostendere vires,
me tibi, dante mihi Bellipotente manus.'

XXXIII.

Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,
pianger senti' fra il sonno i miei figliuoli,
ch' eran con meco, e domandar del pane.
Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
pensando ciò ch' il mio cor s' annunziava:
e se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?
Già eran desti, e l' ora s' appressava
che il cibo ne soleva essere addotto,
e per suo sogno ciascun dubitava:
Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto
all' orribile torre; ond' io guardai
nel viso a' miei figliuoli senza far motto.
Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai:
piangevan elli; ed Anselmuccio mio
disse 'tu guardi sì, padre, che hai?'
Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io
tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,
infin che l' altro sol nel mondo uscìo.
Come un poco di raggio si fu messo
nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi
per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,
Ambo le man per lo dolor mi morsi.
ed ei, pensando ch' io 'l fessi per voglia
di manicar, di subito levorsi,
E disser 'padre, assai ci fia men doglia,
se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.
Queta' mi allor per non farli più tristi:
lo dì e l' altro stemmo tutti muti:
ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi?
Posciachè fummo al quarto dì venuti,

XXXIII.

Experrectus eram, necdum lux orta rubebat,
cum gemere in somnis pueros ac poscere panem
audivi, qui mecum aderant. crudelia vere
corda geris, si, quod praesaga mente videbam,
flere negas; quid flebis enim, hoc si flere negabis?
iamque experrectis aderat consueta parandi
hora cibi, tulerantque metum sua somnia cuique,
appositis inferne seris ubi ianua turris
horrendae resonare: inhiabam dicere mussans
gnatorum in facies, nec flebam flentibus illis,
sic ire in lapidem mihi viscera. mox ita noster
'qui vultus! pater, ecquid habes?' Anselmulus infit.
interea totumque diem noctemque secutam
nec potui lacrimare nec ullas reddere voces,
dum supra terras alter sol protulit orbem.
postquam intromissum loca carceris horrida circum
est exile iubar, per quattuor ora videbam
quale foret nostrum, victusque doloribus ambas
mordebam ipse manus. ego amore videbar edendi
talia moliri: consurrexere repente,
et 'minus hinc' aiunt, 'pater, anges, vescere nobis;
qui miseram hanc nobis carnem induit, exuat idem.'
tum tranquillus eram neque eos angore volebam
contristare novo; cunctisque tacentibus ibat
ille dies alterque; heu, quid non, dura, dehiscis,
terra, mihi? post lux ubi quarta induxerat ortus,
proiecit toto ante pedes se corpore Gattus,

Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
dicendo 'padre mio, che non m' aiuti?'
Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi,
vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno
tra il quinto dì e il sesto: ond' io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sopra ciascuno,
e tre dì li chiamai poi che fur morti:
poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.

XXXIV.

To whom replied King Arthur much in wrath
'ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
unknightly, traitor-hearted! woe is me!
authority forgets a dying king,
laid widowed of the power in his eye
that bowed the will. I see thee what thou art.
for thou the latest left of all my knights,
in whom should meet the offices of all,
thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt
either from lust of gold or like a girl
valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
and the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
but if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

XXXV.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
and what we have been makes us what we are.

'o pater,' exclamans 'quid opem mihi ferre recusas?'
sic moritur: qualemque vides me, tres ego vidi
nunc hunc nunc illum procumbere singillatim
ante iubar sextum, quintam post lampada solis.
tum palpare manu iam caecus corpora cuique
tresque accire dies perstabam morte iacentes:
plus tandem luctu potuit ieiuna cupido.

XXXIV.

Πρὸς ὃν τάδ' ἀντημείψατ' ἠγριωμένος
'ὦ σχέτλι' ὠμόθυμέ τ', ὦ ψεύδορκε σύ,
κακοῦργε, λῆμ' ἄπιστον. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ·
θανουμένου τἄνακτος οἴχεται σέβας
τῆς πρόσθε χηρωθέντος ὀμμάτων ἀκμῆς,
ἣ λῆμ' ἔκαμπτε πᾶν. ὁρῶ σ' ὃς εἶ, σὺ γὰρ
λειφθεὶς φίλων μοι λοίσθιος μόνῳ μόνος,
ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντων χρῆν λατρεύμαθ' ἁρμόσαι,
σύ μ' ἂν προδοίης ἀντὶ χρυσέας λαβῆς,
ἔρωτι κέρδους, ἣ προσεμφερὴς κόρῃ,
ἥτις ματαίαν τέρψιν ὀφθαλμῶν φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ δὶς οὐχὶ δρῶνθ' ὃ δραστέον
τρίταισι πείραις εὐτυχεῖν, ἄφερπε σύ,
εἰ δ' οὖν Σιδηροβρῶτ' ἔτ' ὀκνήσεις βαλεῖν,
εὐθύς σ' ἀναστὰς αὐτοχεὶρ ἀποκτενῶ.'

XXXV.

Quocumque ire libet, quae fecimus usque secuntur,
et nos, quod fuimus, quod sumus esse facit.

XXXVI.

Like a star of heaven
in the broad daylight
thou art unseen, but yet I hear
thy shrill delight.
Keen as are the arrows
of that silver sphere,
whose intense lamp narrows
in the white dawn clear,
until we hardly see, we feel
that it is there.
All the earth and air
with thy voice is loud,
as, when night is bare,
from one lonely cloud
the moon rains out her beams,
and heaven is overflowed.

XXXVII.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
the castle o' Montgomery,
green be your woods and fair your flowers,
your waters never drumlie.
there simmer first unfauld her robes
and there the langest tarry;
for there I took the last fareweel
o' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
as underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!

XXXVI.

Ut stella, visum fallis, in aethere
cum lux diei plena recluditur,
clarae sed exaudire possum
delicias tamen usque vocis.
Argenteae sic spicula Cynthiae
scindunt acutis ictibus aera,
dum mane decrescat sub alba
vivida fax tenuata luce:
Cernamus ut vix, interioribus
haurire promptumst sensibus. ut sono
tellusque circum fervet omnis
aeriaeque plagae canoro,
Ceu nuda noctis cum facies patet,
demittit una Cynthia fulgidos
e nube rores, et superni
templa poli radiis redundant!

XXXVII.

Vos, iuga, vos clivi, vos qui praetexitis, amnes,
Gomerii vestra moenia montis aqua,
sint virides silvae, pulcherrima copia florum,
et turpi numquam turbida lympha luto:
primum ibi purpureos aestas dispandat amictus,
atque ibi se teneat permaneatque diu,
mecum ibi namque fuit vovitque novissima vota
dulcis de patriis dicta puella iugis.
suaviter ut viridi risit betulla nitore!
floribus ut rubuit spinus amicta meris!
cum recubans illic sub odorae tegmine silvae
pressabam gremio pectora fusa meo.

the golden hours on angel wings
flew o'er me and my dearie;
for dear to me as light and life
was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
our parting was fu' tender,
and pledging aft to meet again
we tore oursels asunder.
but oh! fell death's untimely frost,
that nipt my flower sae early;
now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
that wraps my Highland Mary.
O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
and closed for aye the sparkling glance
that dwelt on me sae kindly,
and mouldering now in silent dust
that heart that lo'ed me dearly,
but still within my bosom's core
shall live my Highland Mary.

XXXVIII.

You ask me why though ill at ease
within this region I subsist,
whose spirits fail within the mist
and languish for the purple seas.
It is the land that freemen till,
that sober-suited freedom chose;
the land, where girt with friends or foes
a man may speak the thing he will;

hora alia ex alia caelestibus aurea pinnis
praeteriit volucri meque meamque fuga;
namque meast; ut amantur enim lux vitaque, amatast
dulcis de patriis dicta puella iugis.
tum data saepe fides, amplexibus haesimus artis,
digressus tenero mollis amore fuit;
multaque post promissa tamen divellimur aegre,
iurati dextris in reditumque datis.
omnia nequiquam! mors frigore venit acerbo,
admorsus cecidit flos meus ante diem.
nunc gelidum terrae viridi sub caespite tegmen
gestat de patriis dicta puella iugis.
tincta rosa quondam, nunc pallida morte labella
sunt, quotiens labris tacta labella meis!
quique mihi obtutu prius adridebat amico,
fulgor ocellorum non recreandus hebet,
illud et in tacito tabescere pulvere pergit,
plenum in me tanti quod cor amoris erat:
vivit adhuc vivetque tamen praecordia subter
intima de patriis dicta puella iugis.

XXXVIII.

Quaeris, perpetuo cur ita taedio
enectus tamen hunc sustineam Iovem,
cum desiderio purpurei maris
mens intra nebulas labet:
Terram gens arat hanc libera, praetulit
libertas modico sobria pallio;
hic fidis pariter cinctus et invidis
ausim quod libeat loqui;

A land of settled government,
a land of just and old renown,
where freedom broadens slowly down
from precedent to precedent.
Where faction seldom gathers head,
but by degrees to fulness wrought,
the strength of some diffusive thought
hath time and space to work and spread.
Should banded unions persecute
opinion, and induce a time
when single thought is civil crime
and individual freedom mute,
Though power should make from land to land
the name of Britain trebly great,
though every channel in the state
should almost choke with golden sand,
Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
wild wind, I seek a warmer sky,
and I will see before I die
the palms and temples of the south.

XXXIX.

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
the stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
all but the throne itself of God. full soon
among them he arrived, in his right hand
grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
before him, such as in their souls infixed
plagues. they astonished all resistance lost,

Has ius compositum mosque regit plagas
antiquis merito laudibus inclitas,
exemplumque novo sensim adhibens vetus
libertas patet amplior.
Raro firmat opes prava sodalitas,
sed rectus populum sensus ut imbuit
paulatim, spatium nactus idoneum
vi diffunditur insita.
Quid si vocem animi prosequitur ream
coniurata cohors, temporaque ingerit,
cum sentire secus laedere publicumst
et ius cuique suum tacet?
Ter munita opibus fama Britanniae
crescat per populos, impetus alveos
omnes paene, quibus res fluit imperi,
massae strangulet aureae:
Me portus tamen hinc aufer ab ostio,
vemens vente, peto litus apricius,
et palmas medio templaque sub die
vivus visere destino.

XXXIX.

Protinus incestos it nigrae noctis in hostes
instar habens; caeli stabilis flammantia templa
nutant tota rotis subter ferventibus, ipsa
sede Dei tamen excepta. iamque ocius illis
intererat: dextra flammarum milia dena
prensat agens ante atque infigit corde sub alto
pestes. attoniti cessant obsistere, cessat
robur et e manibus procumbunt irrita tela.

all courage; down their idle weapons dropt.
o'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
that wished the mountains now might be again
thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
nor less on either side tempestuous fell
his arrows from the fourfold-visaged Four
distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
distinct alike with multitude of eyes.
one spirit in them ruled, and every eye
glared lightning and shot forth pernicious fire
among the accursed, that withered all their strength
and of their wonted vigour left them drained,
exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
his thunder in mid volley; for he meant
not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.
the overthrown he raised, and as a herd
of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
with terrors and with furies to the bounds
and crystal wall of heaven, which opening wide
rolled inward and a spacious gap disclosed
into the wasteful deep. the monstrous sight
struck them with horror backward, but far worse
urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath
burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
affrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep
her dark foundations and too fast had bound.

scuta supra, supra galeas galeataque regum
magnorumque ducum pergit capita ire iacentum.
quam vellent iterum montes, tutamen ab ira,
insuper imponi! nec setius imber utraque
parte sagittarum descendit turbinis instar
quattuor e formis gestantibus ora quaterna,
quaeque oculis distincta suis, distinctaque crebris
quaeque oculis rota viva modo iaculatur eodem.
sed cunctos mens una regit, sed fulguris omnes
stant oculi flammis, unde exitiabilis ignis
emicat invadens sceleratorum agmina, quorum
vis exusta perit, solitus vigor ossa reliquit,
fitque exhausta, exspes, afflicta abiectaque turba.
sed neque dimidias vires exercet et ignem
lapsu inhibet medio, neque enim tam exscindere gentem,
quam caelo voluit radicitus eruere omnem.
eversos levat ipse, gregisque ex more coacti
caprarum timidive ovium fugat ignibus ante
afflatos, dum pone metus diraeque secuntur
ad fines usque et pellucida moenia caeli.
illa patent late atque in se revoluta lacunam
ingenti spatio pandunt ad inane profundum.
visum excussit atrox retrorsum horrore, sed ursit
terga tamen longe peius: de margine caeli
dant se praecipites; ast ira aeterna flagravit
ad cassum fundo post illos usque barathrum.
importunum Orcus strepitum audiit, Orcus ab aethra
praecipitantem aethram vidit, pavidusque dedisset
ipse fugam, ni caeca tenax fundamina fatum
iecisset nimium alta et idem nimium arta ligasset.

nine days they fell. confounded Chaos roared
and felt tenfold confusion in their fall
through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last
yawning received them whole and on them closed,
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

XL.

Immediately a place
before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark,
a lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
numbers of all diseased, all maladies
of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms
of heartsick agony, all feverous kinds,
convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy
and moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,
marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence,
dropsies and asthmas and joint-racking rheums.
dire was the tossing, deep the groans: despair
tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
and over them triumphant death his dart
shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
with vows as their chief good and final hope.

ternos ter cecidere dies; mugire ruina
attonitum Chaos omne decemgeminosque tumultus
per molem sentire rudem atque informia regna,
tantae cladis erat violenta strage gravatum.
tandem Erebus facto integros accepit hiatu,
his Erebus domus apta, supraque inclusit: ibi ignis
ardet inextinctus stabulantque et luctus et angor.

XL.

Continuo ante oculos tristi caligine taeter
incipit apparere locus, qui peste laborant,
hospitio similis: vis intus magna cubabat
aegrorum omne genus; tum spasmi, quisquis ubiquest,
liventes aderant, aderant lacerantia nervos
tormenta aegrotumque angens cor nausea turpis,
tum febres grex innumerus, convulsaque membra
aut morbo prostrata sacro, tum saeva gravedo
et lapis intestinus et ulcera verminaque alvi,
infernusque furor nigraeque amentia bilis
de lunaque incussa insania, lentaque tabes
et macies lateque lues circum omnia vastans,
atque hydrops atque aeger anhelitus et malus umor
artus discrucians. iactabant corpora multi,
horrendum, ex altove gemebant pectore; et aegros
visebat per cuncta cubilia, sedulus unus,
exspes angor: ovans super illis tela vibrabat
mors, mactare tamen, quamvis spes ultima, summum
saepe vocata bonum votisque accita, moratur.

XLI.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear:
a sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear:
recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
who, careless now of interest, fame or fate,
perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
and sure, if aught below the seats divine
can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine,
a soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
above all pain, all passion and all pride,
the rage of power, the blast of public breath,
the lust of lucre and the dread of death.
in vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
the muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
when interest calls off all her sneaking train,
and all the obliged desert and all the vain,
she waits or to the scaffold or the cell,
when the last lingering friend has bid farewell.

XLII.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, that from the nunnery
of thy chaste breast and quiet mind to war and arms I fly.
True, a new mistress now I chase, the first foe in the field,
and with a stronger faith embrace a sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such as thou too shalt adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more.

XLI.

Mortuus est, an amicus abest? hic ametur et ille,
hic gemitum, lacrimam vindicat ille sibi:
fac referas noctes operosis lucibus actis,
proque tuo vivum vate loquatur opus.
ipse lucrum, famam, fatum nunc despicit et vix
imperii forsan vult meminisse tui;
infima forsan habet quae summa vocamus, et illo
iudice ab hoc casu gloria tota venit.
et siquid superos caelestia limina subter
tangere, vis animi quam geris ista potest,
ista invicta manens, exercita rebus acerbis;
nec dolor hanc neque amor nec movet ullus honos;
non rabies regni, popularis anhelitus aurae,
turpe lucrum, mortis non domat ipse timor.
nequiquam deserta petis loca: pergit in umbram
musa silescentem subsequiturque comes.
illius est suprema sequi vestigia fortis,
acta recognoscit, crimina laude beat;
voce coacta lucri cum sordida turba refugit,
donatique omnes et levis omnis abest,
stat prope carnificem, subit ipsum ad robur, ubi haerens
iam comes extremus dixerit ipse 'vale'.

XLII.

Cara, quid incusas, placidae cur mentis asylo
et casto profugus pectore castra sequar?
hostis obit nova flamma, acie qui primus, et ensem
parmam amplector equum vel potiore fide.
at tibi adorandast haec inconstantia: quod te
carior est pietas, tu mihi cara magis.

XLIII.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
bannocks o' barley;
here's to the Highlandman's
bannocks o' barley!
wha in a brulzie
will first cry a parley?
never the lads wi'
the bannocks o' barley.
Bannocks o' bear meal,
bannocks o' barley;
here's to the lads wi'
the bannocks o' barley!
wha in his wae days
were loyal to Charlie?
wha but the lads wi'
the bannocks o' barley?

XLIV.

As once the lion honey gave,
out of the strong such sweetness came,
a royal hero no less brave
produced this sweet, this lovely dame.
To her the Prince, that did oppose
such mighty armies in the field
and Holland from prevailing foes
could so well free, himself does yield.
Not Belgia's fleet, his high command,
which triumphs where the sun does rise,
nor all the force he leads by land
could guard him from her conquering eyes.

XLIII.

Montana pubes hordeaceum panem
amat: propino hoc hordeaceo pani.
cum dimicatur, quis prior manus dedet?
non, pane quae gens hordeaceo gaudet.
pani propino hoc, hordeaceo pani,
quibusque panis hordeaceus cordi.
quis luctuoso mansit exuli fidus?
quis?—pane quae gens hordeaceo gaudet.

(2). Farinae amator hordeaceae, tui
dabo, tuique panis hordeacei.
quis inter arma pernegat manus dare?
amator ille panis hordeacei.
farinae amator hordeaceae, tui
dabo, tuique panis hordeacei.
quis exuli fidelis in malis fuit?
amator ille panis hordeacei.

XLIV.

Traditur ut quondam—tantae dulcedinis auctor
fortis erat—de se mella dedisse leo,
regius en heros dulcem spirantis amorem,
par virtute, sator virginis huius erat.
qui potuit tantis contra legionibus ire
atque acie Batavos asseruisse suos,
pellere praevalidum qui tam bene noverat hostem,
dat Princeps victas huic minor ipse manus.
Belgica non classis, cuius caput ille supremum,
quaeque triumphatrix sol ubi surgit adest,
debellatores oculos neque sistere terra
milia sub signis tot potuere virum.

Orange with youth experience has,
in action young, in council old;
Orange is what Augustus was,
brave, wary, provident and bold.
On that fair tree which bears his name
blossom and fruit at once are found:
in him we all admire the same,
his flowery youth with wisdom crowned.
Empire and freedom reconciled
in Holland are by great Nassaw:
like those he sprung from, just and mild,
to willing people he gives law.
Thrice happy pair, so near allied
in royal blood and virtue too,
now Love has you together tied,
may none this triple knot undo!

XLV.

Hark, how the traitor wind doth court
the sailors to the main,
to make their avarice his sport:
a tempest checks the fond disdain,
they bear a safe tho' humble port.
We'll sit, my love, upon the shore
and, while proud billows rise
to war against the sky, speak o'er
our love's so sacred mysteries,
and charm the sea to th' calm it had before.
Where's now my pride to extend my fame
wherever statues are,
and purchase glory to my name
in the smooth court or rugged war?
my love hath laid the devil, I am tame.

corpore cum vegeto quanta experientia mentis!
rebus agit iuvenem dux, ratione senem.
strenuus est idemque vafer: dux providus audax,
Augustus Caesar quod fuit ante, refert.
pulchra viri quae nomen habet, simul arbore in illa
et florum et fructus inveniuntur opes;
inque ipso miramur idem: sapientia circum
aetatis flori fusa corona sedet.
imperio Batavi cum libertate fruuntur:
per magnum coeunt haec inimica ducem.
iustus is et clemens populo dat iura volenti,
aequiperatque illos, est quibus ortus, avos.
ter fortunati! sanguis quos regius arta
quosque simul virtus compede vestra ligat,
tertia nunc quoniam vos copula iunxit amoris,
hunc triplicem nodum solvere nemo velit!

XLV.

Audin ut alliciens male fidus in aequora nautas
quaerat avaritiam ludificare notus?
mox ubi tempestas fastidia vana coercet,
quemlibet in portum, sit modo tutus, eunt.
litore considens mecum quin, cara, recenses
sacra quot exhibeat mystica noster amor,
fluctibus ut quamvis petulantibus aethera temptet,
tranquillo sileat rursus, ut ante, salum?
quo mihi mercari decus atque extendere famam,
signa quibus ponant aerea cumque locis?
seu molles aulae sive horrida castra vocabunt,
pacarit furias ambitionis amor.

I'd rather like the violet grow
unmarked i' th' shaded vale,
than on the hill those terrors know
are breathed forth by an angry gale:
there is more pomp above, more sweet below.
Love, thou divine philosopher,
while covetous landlords rent,
and courtiers dignity prefer,
instructs us to a sweet content;
greatness itself doth in itself inter.
Castara, what is there above
the treasures we possess?
we two are all and one, we move
like stars in the orb of happiness.
all blessings are epitomised in love.

XLVI.

Her arms across her breast she laid,
she was more fair than words can say:
barefooted came the beggar maid
before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down
to meet and greet her on her way.
'it is no wonder' said the lords,
'she is more beautiful than day.'
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
she in her poor attire was seen:
one praised her ancles, one her eyes,
one her dark hair and lovesome mien:
So sweet a face, such angel grace
in all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
this beggar maid shall be my queen.

ut viola, in tecta malim convalle latenter
crescere, quam trepidas per iuga nosse minas,
saeva noti quas ira vomit: loca possidet alta
splendor, habet felix inferiora quies.
immortale sapis: fundi possessor avarus
poscit opes, titulos ambitiosus avet;
nos, amor, instituis felices vivere parvo,
gloriaque imperii fit cinis ipse suus.
quid superat quod habemus opum? duo, Cynthia, quamquam,
nos tamen inter nos unus et omne sumus,
nos per inoffensum ceu sidera labimur orbem:
summatim dat amor quidquid ubique bonist.

XLVI.

Ibat ut ambabus positis ad pectora palmis,
pulchra supra quam vox ulla referre potest,
nuda pedes, mendica, suis opis indiga rebus,
Cophetua coram rege puella venit.
destituit solium rex murice clarus et auro
itque salutatum quae prope carpit iter;
'nec mirum' dixere duces: 'pulcherrima quamvis
alma dies, alma pulchrior illa die.'
qualis in obducto sublucet Cynthia caelo,
veste sub obscura cernere talis erat;
virginis hic suras laudavit, et alter ocellos,
ille nigros crines osque cupidineum;
dulcis enim facies divinaque gratia formae,
qualis in his numquam finibus ante fuit.
Cophetuas iurat sceptrum testatus et orbem
'uxor ea ex inopi virgine regis erit.'

XLVII.

How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! the Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked and the sceptre of the rulers. he who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted and none hindereth. the whole earth is at rest and is quiet, they break forth into singing. yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee and the cedars of Lebanon, saying 'since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.' Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. all they shall speak and say unto thee 'art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?'. thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. how art thou fallen from heaven, o Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! for thou hast said in thine heart 'I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the most High.' yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. they that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying 'is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?'.

XLVII.

Quam domitor terrae, quam finem urbs aurea nactast!
ipse profanorum fasces rerumque potentum
fregit sceptra Deus. populos qui contudit ira,
qui domuit gentes, aeterno verbere vexans,
vindice dat poenas nullo. passim otia tellus
tranquillo peragit, prorumpunt carmina passim.
ipsa adeo picea et Libani tibi filia cedrus
irridet: 'tali postquam consternere casu,
nulla in nos molitur' ait 'iam dextra bipennem.'
se movet infernus teque obvius excipit Orcus
adventumque tuum, simulacraque luce carentum
sollicitat, reges cunctos rerumque potentes
deturbans soliis. omnes uno ore loquentur
'tune etiam tenuem, ceu nos, mutaris in umbram,
consimilis factus nobis?'. tua pompa sepulcrum
cum fremitu citharārum adiit, vermesque ministrant
strata tori subter, supra tibi vermis amictum.
Lucifer, o quali, suboles Eoa, ruina
lapsus es a caelo, terram succisus ad ipsam,
qui gentes pessum ante dabas! nam talia dixti
corde tuo 'caelum aggressus super ardua ponam
astra Dei solium, clivoque, ubi vergit ad Arcton,
quo populus coit, insidens ego nubila ponam
sub pedibus, regis regum aemulus ipse supremi.'
sic ais; at tradere tamen sub tartara leti,
at barathri sub claustra, at qui te cumque videbit,
figet is obtutum atque aciem contendet acutam,
sic effatus 'hic est qui vir tremefecerat orbem
regnaque commorat desolatamque ruinis
vastarat terram ac terrai straverat urbes

all the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. but thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit, as a carcase trodden under feet. thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain thy people: the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned.

XLVIII.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
sober, stedfast and demure,
all in a robe of darkest grain
flowing with majestick train,
and sable stole of cypress lawn
over thy decent shoulders drawn.
come, but keep thy wonted state
with even step and musing gait,
and looks commercing with the skies
thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
there held in holy passion still
forget thyself to marble, till

et reserare fores nolebat carcere clausis?'.
quicumque imperio gentes rexere tyranni,
quisque suis recubant in sedibus, incluta turba.
tu ramale autem velut execrabile busto
eicere, ut caesi vestis gladioque forati,
quem barathri saxa obruerunt, vel quale cadaver
protritum pedibus. communi sorte carebis
funeris ob patriae cladem atque indigna tuorum
excidia: incesti nusquam stirps nomen habebit.

XLVIII.

Huc, Vestalis, ades, pio
corde seria cogitans,
casta, sobria, pervicax,
os severa, nigerrimo
palla operta colore:
Ista nobilis instita
fluctuante superbiat,
Cypriaeque umeros tibi
pulla rica coerceat
sindonis pudibundos.
Perge, sed solito statu,
sed pari pede prodeas,
os gerens meditantis et
colloquentia cum polo
vulta, plena animae vi.
Tota mens ibi sit, sacroque
illigata furore, fi
marmor inscia: mox humum
fixa lumine plumbeo

with a sad leaden downward cast
thou fix them on the earth as fast.
and bring with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet,
and hears the muses in a ring
aye round about Jove's altar sing.
and add to these retired Leisure
that in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
but first and chiefest with thee bring
him that yon soars on golden wing,
guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
the cherub Contemplation.

XLIX.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
as on that night of stormy water,
when love who sent forgot to save
the young, the beautiful, the brave,
the lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
oh, when at night along the sky
her turret-torch was blazing high,
though rising gale and breaking foam
and shrieking sea-birds warned him home,
and clouds aloft and tides below
with signs and sounds forbade to go,
he could not see, he would not hear

tristis intueare.
Paxque blanda, Quies, simulque
Abstinentia eat tenax,
caelitum hospita quae frequens
audit Aonidum choros
psallere ad Iovis aram.
Adice his latebras amans
otium quod in hortulis
elegantibus ambulat:
prima sed tamen adsit o,
sed potissima tecum,
Quae per aethera pinnulis
ecce tollitur aureis,
igneo solium rotans
axe, dia Theoria,
diva dia dearum.

XLIX.

Aura super fluctus Helles furit acris, ut illa
nocte procellosas saeviit inter aquas,
misit ubi iuvenem, quamvis servare per undas
quem iuvenem misit non meminisset amor.
et tamen ille annis formaque animisque vigebat,
spes desolatae Sestidos una nurus.
o ubi de turri flagrabat in aethera noctu
taeda puellaris, saeviat aura licet,
spumescat licet unda salo, volucresque marinae
raucisonis iubeant questibus ire domum,
desuper et nubes, infra licet aestus aquarum
mille vetet signis pergere, mille sonis,
nec spectare potest nec vult audire sonosve

or sound or sign foreboding fear;
his eye but saw that light of love,
the only star it hailed above;
his ear but rang with Hero's song,
'ye waves, divide not lovers long.'
that tale is old, but love anew
may nerve young hearts to prove as true.

L.

While virgin spring by Eden's flood
unfolds her tender mantle green,
or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
or tunes Eolian strains between:
While summer with a matron grace
retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
yet oft delighted stops to trace
the progress of the spikey blade:
While autumn benefactor kind
by Tweed erects his aged head
and sees with self-approving mind
each creature on his bounty fed:
While maniac winter rages o'er
the hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
rousing the turbid torrent's roar
or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:
So long, sweet poet of the year,
shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
while Scotia with exulting tear
proclaims that Thomson is her son.

signave venturos vaticinata metus,
nil oculis usquam nisi fax ea lucet amoris,
stellarum supero cognita sola polo,
non nisi vox Herus tonat auribus 'unda, fideles
invida nolito dissociare diu.'
quod memoro vetus est, sed amor iuvenalia forsan
roboret ad talem nunc quoque corda fidem.

L.

Virgineus dum veris honor viridantis amictus
pandet ad Edenii flumina molle decus,
aut festivus humum variabit, et aelinon auris
interdum Aeoliis emodulatus erit:
dumque aestas matrona decens captanda sub umbris
frigora deveniet, Durioburge, tuis,
saepe tamen laetans sistet, segetisque notabit
herba teres quantas polliceatur opes:
dum bona diffundens autumnus munera surget
grandaevo Tevidae vertice propter aquas,
atque hilari cum corde animalia cuncta videbit,
copia quam dederit pascat ut omne genus:
donec hiemps vaesana iugis bacchabitur illis
unde Heliconiasin cognita Girva fluit,
nunc acuens lutei torrentis murmura, verrens
stragem indigestae mox furibunda nivis:
perpetuo, vates anni numerose, virebunt
quae bene promeritus laurea serta geris,
Scotiaque intererit lacrimaque insignis ovanti
edicet subolem Tityron esse suam.

LI.

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
whom I began to think and call my own:
for sure our souls were near allied, and thine
cast in the same poetic mould as mine.
one common note on either lyre did strike,
and knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
to the same goal did both our studies drive:
the last set out the soonest did arrive.
thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
o early ripe! to thy abundant store
what could advancing age have added more?
it might (what nature never gives the young)
have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
but satire needs not those, and wit will shine
through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
a noble error and but seldom made,
when poets are by too much force betrayed.
thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
still showed a quickness; and maturing time
but mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
once more hail and farewell, farewell, thou young,
but ah! too short Marcellus of our tongue,
thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
but fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

LII.

Kendal is dead, and Cambridge riding post:
what fitter sacrifice for Denham's ghost?

LI.

Nec satis et sero mihi cognite, quemque parabam
ducere iam nostrum, iam perhibere, vale.
affines animae certe, atque exemplar ad unum
ficta tuast musae pollice, ficta meast;
pectine communi lyra tacta ambobus, idemque
sontis utrique odiumst, insipientis idem;
meta eadem studiis; potitur tamen alter, ut esset
serior emissus carcere, calce prior:
sic postquam cecidit Nisus per lubrica, cursu
confecto iuvenis victor amicus erat.
ingenium praecox! tibi copia tanta, quid aetas
addere plus poterat progrediente fuga?
illa tuae poterat numeros tibi tradere linguae:
natura hos iuveni semper avara negat:
sed satirae nil levor opus, praeclaraque sensus
e male tornato carmine vena nitet.
nobile peccatum raroque parabile, vates
vi nimia quotiens proditur ipse sua.
ante diem egregii fructus cecidere, sed isdem
contigerat velox iam sapor ante diem.
maturante licet fiat quod scribimus aevo
dulcius; at suci vividioris eget.
rursus have rursumque vale, sermonis aviti
qui Marcellus eras, sed breve tempus eras,
nunc hederae laurique coma tua tempora vinctus;
parca sed et circum nox volat atra caput.

LII.

Lucius occubuit, cito Gaius advolat Orcum
Reginae satiabitur umbra.

LIII.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
swifter far than youth's delight,
swifter far than happy night,
art thou come and gone.
as the wood when leaves are shed,
as the night when sleep is sped,
as the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.
The swallow summer comes again,
the owlet night resumes his reign,
but the wild swan youth is fain
to fly with thee, false as thou.
my heart each day desires the morrow,
sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
vainly would my winter borrow
sunny leaves from any bough.
Lilies for a bridal bed,
roses for a matron's head,
violets for a maiden dead,
pansies let my flowers be:
on the living grave I bear
scatter them without a tear,
let no friend, however dear,
waste one hope, one fear for me.

LIV.

Pass on triumphant in thy glorious way,
till thou hast reacht the place assigned: we may
without disturbing the harmonious spheres
bathe here below thy memory in our tears.

LIII.

Ocior alato quam cum pede praeterit aestas,
avolat aut rapido laeta iuventa gradu,
ocior et noctis, cum nox gratissima, lapsu,
venisse et volucri visus es ire fuga.
qualis ubi excussas frondes desiderat arbor,
aut qualis maeret nox ubi somnus abest,
quale cor incassum fugitiva ubi gaudia captat,
sola queror mecum, te sine sola queror.
ipsius aestivae redit instar hirundinis aestas,
parque suae regnum nox reprehendit avi;
cycnus at indomitus, tecum cupit ire iuventas
falsaque, false, fuga te comitare tua.
quotquot eunt luces, ego crastina corde requiro,
sopitaeque gravis cura fit ipse sopor,
aestivas mea quaerit hiemps conamine vano
quolibet a ramo conciliare comas.
lilia sunt lectis genialibus apta, decetque
matronale rosis nexa corona caput,
cumque puellari sit idoneus ille feretro
flos violae, viola versicolore premar:
sparge super vivum quod porto in corpore bustum,
spargendo lacrimas comprime, quisquis ades;
nemo me decoret, quamvis est carus, inani
munere, amicorum speque metuque vacem.

LIV.

Incede victor gloriosum iter pergens,
dum destinatum veneris larem: nobis
tuam canori pace siderum coetus
licebit infra lavere memoriam fletu.

LV.

At last the Doglas and the Persie met,
like two captains of might and main;
they swapt together till they both swat
with swords that were of fine Myllan.
these worthy freckies for to fight
thereto they were full fain,
till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
as ever did hail or rain.
'hold thee, Persie,' said the Doglas
'and i' faith I shall thee bring
where thou shalt have a yerl's wages
of Jamy our Scottish king.
thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
for the manfullest man yet art thou
that ever I conquerd in field fighting.'
'nay then' said the lord Persie
'I told it thee beforne
that I would never yielded be
to no man of a woman born.'
with that there cam an arrow hastily
forth of a mighty ane:
hit hath stricken the yerl Doglas
in at the breast bane.
thorough liver and lungs baith
the sharp arrow is gane,
that never after in all his life days
he spake no words but ane,
that was 'fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
for my life days bin gane.'

LV.

Τὼ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἕνα ξυνιόντες ἱκέσθην
ἰφθίμοιν κρατεροῖν τε ἐοικότες ἡγεμόνοιιν,
Περσιάδης θ' ἥρως καὶ ἀμύμων ἱππότα Δόγλης,
σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ξίφε' ἄμφω, ἀριπρεπέ' Ἰταλοῦ ἀνδρὸς
ἔργ'· ἰδρὼς δὲ ῥέεν πουλύς· μάλα γάρ ῥα μάχεσθαι
φῶτε λιλαιέσθην τὼ ἀμύμονε· πηλήκοιν δὲ
αἷμ' ὡσεί τε χάλαζα διέσσυτο ἠὲ καὶ ὄμβρος.
καὶ τότε Περσιάδην προσεφώνεεν ἱππότα Δόγλης
'παῦσαι δή νυ μάχης, ἐθέλω δ' ὁμόσ' ἦ μὲν ἀπάξειν
τῇ σ' ὅπου ἀνδρὸς ἀγοῦ γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξει
ἥρως ὃς πάντεσσι Καληδονίοισι ἀνάσσει·
λύσω δ' ἄρ σ' ἀνάποινον, ὅ σε φράζεσθαι ἄνωγα,
πάντων γάρ σ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ὀίομαι ἔμμεναι ἄλλων
τούς ῥ' ἐδάμασσά πω αὐτὸς ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων.'
τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Βρετανnῶν ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν
'οὔτις ἐμὲ ζωγρεῖ, τό τ' ἔφην πρὶν φημὶ καὶ αὖτις,
ὅς ῥα καταθνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν.'
ὣς φάτο· Δόγλην δ' αὖ μεγάλου παρὰ φωτὸς ὀρούσαν
ῥίμφα διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔδυ βέλος ὄστεον εἴσω.
διὰ μὲν ἦπαρ ἐσῆλθε δι' ἄμφω δ' ὀξὺς ὀιστὸς
πνεύμονας· αὐτὰρ ὅγ', ὅφρα φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή,
τόφρα τόγ' ἐξηύδα μοῦνον ἔπος οὐδέ ποτ' ἄλλο,
'νωλεμέως πολεμίζετ', ἐμοὶ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
εἷος ἔτ' ἔστ'· αὐτὸς γὰρ ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἀφῖγμαι.'

the Persie leaned on his brand
and saw the Doglas dee;
he took the dead man by the hand
and said 'wo is for thee!
to have saved thy life I would have parted with
my lands for years three,
for a better man of heart nare of hand
was not in all the north countree.'

LVI.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
ae fareweel, and then for ever.
deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
who shall say that fortune grieves him,
while the star of hope she leaves him?
me, nae chearful twinkle lights me,
dark despair around benights me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
naething could resist my Nancy;
but to see her was to love her,
love but her, and love for ever.
had we never loved sae kindly,
had we never loved sae blindly,
never met—or never parted,
we had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,
fare thee weel, thou best and dearest;
thine be ilka joy and treasure,
peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δὲ θνήσκοντα Βρεταννῶν ἀρχὸς ἀμύμων
ἄντην εἰσοράασκεν ἐρειδόμενος ξίφεϊ ᾧ,
νεκροῦ δ' αὖθ' ἕλε χεῖρα ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν
'ὤ μοι ἐγὼ σέθεν εἵνεκ'· ἐπεί μευ πίονας ἀγροὺς
δῶκ' ἂν ἔχειν τρίετές γ', εἴ σ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωσα·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἄλλος κραδίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ὅσσους νήσου τῆσδε τό γ' ἤμισυ ἐντὸς ἐέργει.'

LVI.

Quin imus semel osculati amanter
aeternumque vale semel profamur?
fletus ex animo meros propinem,
certatim regemens tibi ingementi.
fortunam male quis se habere dicet,
dum spem, mite, sibi relinquat, astrum?
me nullum recreat iubar, sed exspes
circum nocte premor tenebricosa.
quare praeproperum cor arguatur?
contra obsistere nil valebat Annae,
quam vidisse fuit perire in una,
una perpetuo perire amore.
si numquam tibi mique contigisset
tam vementer amare et impotenter,
si nusquam simul—aut fuisse semper,
numquam nos male macerasset angor.
vale qua potiusve pulchriusve
nil est, nec melius magisque carum;
iucundissima quaeque et invidenda
adsint, gaudia pax amor voluptas.

ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
ae fareweel, alas, for ever.
deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

LVII.

For I dipt into the future
far as human eye could see,
saw the vision of the world
and all the wonder that would be,
saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
pilots of the purple twilight
dropping down with costly bales,
heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
from the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue,
far along the world-wide whisper
of the south wind rushing warm,
with the standards of the peoples
plunging through the thunder-storm;
till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
in the parliament of man,
the federation of the world.

quin imus semel osculati amanter
aeternumque vale profamur, eheu!
fletus ex animo meros propinem,
certatim regemens tibi ingementi.

LVII.

Quantum sciebant lumina prendere
humana, vidi, fataque gentium
promissa mirandosque casus,
indicium venientis aevi;
Vidi scatentem mercibus aera,
non usitatis vidi ego linteis
puppes adurgeri et magistros
vespere purpureo rubentes
Deferre gazas desuper aureas,
caelumque sese murmure bellico
miscere feralesque labi
caeruleum per inane rores,
Haerente classi classe per aetheris
tractus supernos, unde tepentibus
late susurraret per orbem
flaminibus furialis auster:
Interque nimbos fulmine luridos
deproeliantum signa cohortium
iactata volvi, dum fragores
dedidicit tuba bellicosos,
Nec iam explicantur martia per suos
vexilla malos; sedit amabilis
conventus, et commune foedus
unanimae voluere gentes.

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LVIII.

Kennst du das land, wo die citronen blühn,
im dunkeln laub die goldorangen glühn,
ein sanfter wind vom blauen himmel weht,
die myrte still und hoch der lorbeer steht?
kennst du es wohl? dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein geliebter, ziehn.
Kennst du das haus? auf säulen ruht sein dach,
es glänzt der saal, es schimmert das gemach,
und marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an
'was hat man dir, du armes kind, gethan?'
kennst du es wohl? dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein beschützer, ziehn.
Kennst du den berg und seinen wolkensteg?
das maulthier sucht im nebel seinen weg,
in höhlen wohnt der drachen alte brut,
es stürzt der fels und über ihn die fluth.
kennst du ihn wohl? dahin, dahin
geht unser weg; o vater, lasz uns ziehn.

LIX.

Raphael. Die sonne tönt nach alter weise
in brudersphären wettgesang,
und ihre vorgeschrieb'ne reise
vollendet sie mit donnergang.
ihr anblick giebt den engeln stärke,
wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
die unbegreiflich hohen werke
sind herrlich wie am ersten tag.

Gabriel. Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
dreht sich umher der erde pracht;

LVIII.

Tellus nota tibist, florent ubi citrea poma,
perque nigras rutilant aurea mala comas,
caeruleo mollis qua spirat ab aethere ventus,
statque silens myrtus celsaque laurus adest?
nota tibist ea forte? in eam, carissime, terram
ire velim celeri te comitata fuga.
nota tibi domus est? incumbunt tecta columnis,
atria collucent, interiora micant,
marmoreaeque astant mihi significantque figurae
'parva, quid est factum, quid, miseranda, tibi?'
nota tibist ea forte? in eam, fidissime, sedem
ire velim celeri te comitata fuga.
est notus tibi mons? caligine callis amictus?
quaerere per nebulam mula laborat iter,
spelaeis habitat suboles antiqua draconum,
praecipitant cautes, insuper unda ruit.
notus is est tibi forte? in eum, pater optime, nostra
fert via: quin celeri pergimus ire fuga?

LIX.

R. Sol canit, et cecinit, ceu nunc, ab origine rerum,
inter fraternos aemulus ille choros,
praescriptamque sibi decurrens ordine certo
fulminea peragit mobilitate viam.
haec animum viresque tuis dant visa ministris,
cum penitus nulli sint capienda tamen:
celsa nitent opera haec (quis enim comprendere possit?)
qualia primigeno, nunc quoque pulchra, die.

G. Et volucris volucri (quis enim comprendere possit?)
terrea maiestas se levitate rotat:

es wechselt Paradieses-helle
mit tiefer schauervoller nacht;
es schäumt das meer in breiten flüssen
am tiefen grund der felsen auf,
und fels und meer wird fortgerissen
in ewig schnellem sphärenlauf.

Michael. Und stürme brausen um die wette,
vom meer aufs land, vom land aufs meer,
und bilden wüthend eine kette
der tiefsten wirkung rings umher.
da flammt ein blitzendes verheeren
dem pfade vor des donnerschlags;
doch deine boten, Herr, verehren
das sanfte wandeln deines tags.

Chor. Der anblick giebt den engeln stärke,
da keiner dich ergründen mag,
und alle deine hohen werke
sind herrlich wie am ersten tag.

LX.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
creeps in this petty pace from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time,
and all our yesterdays have lighted fools
the way to dusty death. out, out, brief candle!
life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
that struts and frets his hour upon the stage
and then is heard no more: it is a tale
told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing.

it redit alternis liquidae nitor unicus aethrae,
horrida nox umbris it redit alta suis.
spumescit, fundo scopulorum illisa retecto,
gurgitibus latis unda refusa maris,
undaque cum scopulis, abrepta in turbine mundi,
avolat aeterna praecipitata fuga.

M. Et tempestates, certatim ululante tumultu,
de mare, de terris ad mare rursus eunt,
dumque furunt, nectuntur ita ut molimine tanti
conexus ingens efficiatur opus.
flammea pernicies prorumpit et igne corusco
ante viam tonitrus obvia quaeque vorat:
sed tua turba tuae veneramur, maxime, lucis
molliter et sensim progredientis iter.

C. Haec animum viresque tuis dant visa ministris,
cum penitus nulli tu capiare tamen:
cuncta nitent opera alta, tuae miracula dextrae,
qualia primigeno, nunc quoque pulchra, die.

LX.

Crastina quaeque dies, una altera tertia porro,
protelo hoc itiner miserabile continuato
repit ad extremum usque peracti temporis hilum,
nullaque lux hesterna viam non pulverulentae
mortis monstravit stolidis. age cede, brevis fax.
vita est umbra vagans, miser est per pulpita qui se
iactat hians horam mimus, nec praeterea usquam
auditur: fatui delirast fabula quaedam,
plena sono rabieque, omni tamen indiga sensu.

LXI.

Lift up your heads, o ye gates,
and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors,
and the king of glory
shall come in.
who is this king of glory?
the Lord strong and mighty,
the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, o ye gates,
even lift them up,
ye everlasting doors,
and the king of glory
shall come in.
who is this king of glory?
the Lord of hosts,
he is the king of glory.

LXII.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα
παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε,
μή μ' ἄσαισι μήδ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,
πότνια, θῦμον·
ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἴ ποτα κἀτέρωτα
τᾶς ἔμας αὔδως ἀίοισα πήλυι
ἔκλυες, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα
χρύσιον ἦλθες
ἄρμ' ὐπαζεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἆγον
ὤκεες στροῦθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας
πύκνα δινεῦντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠράνω αἴθε-
ρος διὰ μέσσω.

LXI.

Tolle, ianua, verticem,
vosque perpetuae fores,
rex ut ingrediatur huc
inclutissimus unus.
Inclutissimus ille rex
quis cluet? Dominus cluet
magnus acer is, unice
magnus acer in armis.
Tolle, ianua, verticem,
vosque, perpetuae fores,
rex ut ingrediatur huc
inclutissimus unus.
Inclutissimus ille rex
quis cluet? Dominus potens
agminum cluet ille rex
inclutissimus unus.

LXII.

Sede gemmanti, Iovis o propago,
quae sedes, aeterna, dolosque nectis,
ne, precor, curis, era, taediisve
corda domato.
Huc veni, si iam prius audiebas
supplicis vocem, Venus, aureaque
patris auscultans procul huc ab aula
vecta meabas
Curribus iunctis. cito te ferebant
passeres pulchri, mediam per aethram
ut coruscabant ad opaca terrae
limina pinnis.

αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὺ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα,
μειδιάσαισ' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ,
ἤρε', ὄττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κὤττι
δηῦτε κάλημι,
κὤττ' ἔμῳ μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι
μαινόλᾳ θύμῳ· 'τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω
μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὦ
Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;
καὶ γὰρ αἰ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,
αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἄλλα δώσει,
αἰ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει
κωὐκ ἐθέλοισα.'
ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλέπαν δὲ λῦσον
ἐκ μερίμναν, ὄσσα δέ μοι τέλεσσαι
θῦμος ἰμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὔτα
σύμμαχος ἔσσο.

LXIII.

Now is there civil war within the soul,
Resolve is thrust from off the sacred throne
by clamorous Needs, and the grand vizier Pride
makes humble compact, plays the supple part
of envoy and deft-tongued apologist
for hungry rebels.

LXIV.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
and some wad eat that want it;
but we hae meat and we can eat,
and sae the Lord be thanket.

Protinus ventumst: ibi tu refuso
os per immortale, beata, risu,
quid novi rursus paterer, rogabas,
curve vocassem:
Ipsa vaesano quid adesse vellem
maxime cordi: 'cupis illigare
quem tuo Suadam sub amore? per quem
laedere, Sappho?
Num fugit? iam iam, fugiat, sequetur:
dona contemnit? dare perget ultro:
non amat? iam iam, velit ipse nolit,
discet amare.'
Adveni vel nunc, et amara nobis
solve curarum: rata cuncta sunto
quae cor exoptat rata: diva, mecum
stare memento.

LXIII.

Nunc anima gliscit rabies civilis in ipsa,
proturbatque sacra sede importuna Cupido
propositum Mentis fixum*: dat bracchia regni
suppliciter praefectus Honos partesque sequaces
oratoris agit, cui daedala lingua rebelles
protegit, essuriens volgus.

LXIV.

Sunt quibus est panis nec amor tamen ullus edendi,
sunt quibus hic amor est, dest tamen ipse cibus:
panis at est nobis et amor quoque panis edendi,
pro quibus est Domino gratia habenda Deo.

* *The original edition has:*

sacro vis importuna Necessis
constantem solio Mentem.

LXV.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these
every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys;
every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow;
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?
I had been content to perish falling on the foeman's ground,
when the ranks are rolled in vapour and the winds are laid with soun
but the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
and the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page:
hide me from my deep emotion, o thou wondrous Mother-Age!
make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
when I heard my days before me and the tumult of my life,
yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yiel
eager-hearted as a boy, when first he leaves his father's field,
and at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn:
and his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men.

LXVI.

Chorus hymeneal,
or triumphal chaunt
matched with thine would be all
but an empty vaunt,
a thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

LXVII.

Our revels now are ended. these our actors,
as I foretold you, were all spirits, and
are melted into air, into thin air;

LXV.

His mihi temporibus quid convenit? obditur auro
quaeque foris: reseres? aurea clavis opus.
quamque cliens stipat portam, fora cuncta redundant
mercibus: iratum cor coquor: ecquid agam?
laetus in hostis humo cecidissem, sulpura quando
velarent aciem, staret et aura sono.
sed crepat aureolus? laesi iuvat ulcus Honoris;
utque fremant gentes, rixa canina sat est.
nil nisi triste subit? vertatur pagina, pacem,
mira parens, Aetas, da mihi, nostra, tuam.
fac ferus exultem, pugna velut ante parata,
ante dies vitae cum strepuere meae,
immensoque aevi venientis amore ferebar,
ceu puer, ut patrium linquere gestit agrum:
caecam it nocte viam, prope iam venit, Urbis in aethra
lux flagrat, ut nimbo tristis oborta dies;
inque sinu salit huic cor avens praevertere gressus
humanosque sub hoc lumine obire greges.

LXVI.

Nam vel Io Paean, vel Hymen Hymenaee sonaret
collatum voci carmen inane tuae:
rebus in his aliquid sentimus abesse: quid absit
quaerimus incerti, scimus abesse tamen.

LXVII.

Terminus hic ludis: abiit ceu spiritus, actor
quicumque intererat, (monui prius illud) in auras,
auras in tenues; et, uti fundamine cassa

and, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
the solemn temples, the great globe itself,
yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
and, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a rack behind. we are such stuff
as dreams are made on, and our little life
is rounded with a sleep.

LXVIII.

My house, my house, tho' thou art small,
thou art to me the Escuriall.

LXIX.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

LXX.

Gaming, women and wine,
while they laugh, they make men pine.

LXXI.

Thousands each day pass by, which we,
once past and gone, no more shall see.

LXXII.

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
to all the sensual world proclaim:
one crowded hour of glorious life
is worth an age without a name.

haec rerum simulacra, palatia fulgida luxu,
nube coronatae turres, augustaque fana,
orbis et ipse ingens, quique hunc colit, omnis ad unum
dissolvetur et, ut species evanida pompae,
diffugient res una ipsae rerumque ruinae.
gens sumus imbecilla merisque simillima visis,
parvaque, ut occepit, finitur vita sopore.

LXVIII.

Cara domus, mea cara domus, sis parvula quamvis,
quod Caesari Palatium, tu mihi suppeditas.

LXIX.

Cur semper est illaesa sancta maiestas?
laedatur, audit vindicata libertas.

LXX.

Macerat et male habet nos alea, femina, vinum:
ut rideamus, ringimur.

LXXI.

Nos multitudo praeterit cotidie,
quos ita praeteritos non rursus intuebimur.

LXXII.

Bucina det flatus, sonitum det tibia; cuncto
hoc profer Epicuri choro:
una dies superat longum sine nomine saeclum
crebris referta gloriis.

LXXIII.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
nor the furious winter's rages;
thou thy worldly task hast done,
home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
golden lads and girls all must,
as chimney-sweepers come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great;
thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
care no more to clothe and eat;
to thee the reed is as the oak:
the sceptre, learning, physic, must
all follow this, and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
fear not slander, censure rash;
thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
all lovers young, all lovers must
consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee!
nor no witchcraft charm thee!
ghost unlaid forbear thee!
nothing ill come near thee!
quiet consummation have;
and renowned be thy grave!

LXXIII.

Immodicum solis fuge formidare calorem
nec faciat brumae vis furibunda metum:
omne peregisti pensum mortale larique
reddita mercedem sedulitatis habes.
aureus ipse puer, par a fuligine furvis,
et virgo fati foedere pulvis erit.
triste supercilium fuge formidare potentum,
in te praeventast plaga minacis eri.
desine vestitum curare et desine victum,
robur harundinibus iam tibi praestat idem.
hanc sceptrum doctrina viam medicina sequentur
omniaque haec certo foedere pulvis erunt.
fulgura cum telo fuge formidare trisulco,
cuius ad horrisonas cor pavet omne minas;
nil hominum linguas, temeraria probra timeto,
quod placeat superest displiceatve nihil.
consignabit amans pariter tibi floridus omnis,
omnis amans certo foedere pulvis erit.
nulla tuos ausit mala saga lacessere manes,
nemo veneficiis illaqueare velit,
impacata vagis simulacra meatibus a te
abstineant, a te sit procul omne malum.
tranquilla sic pace tibi requiescere detur
et detur tumulo nomen habere tuo.

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